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CONTENTS.

LEADING ARTICLES—	Trimmings	319	Hunter's Indian Empire	318
Chronicle	Money Matters	320	Essays on Vegetarianism	329
Uganda	The French National Galleries ...	321	How to Buy a Horse	329
The French Welter	The Boat-Race of 1893.....	322	The Great Book-Collectors	330
Useless Knowledge	<i>Nunc Dimittis</i>	323	Hospitals	330
Ireland and the Disruption Bill ...			The First Duke of Chandos	331
A Political Don Juan	REVIEWS—		Bygone Nottinghamshire	332
Competing with the Cheap-Jack ?	Man in Art	323	French Literature	332
Thursday Night.....	Novels	324	New Books and Reprints.....	333
MISCELLANEOUS—	Mr. Lang on Homer.....	325		
Songs for Soldiers.....	A Dance and a Ballad	327	ADVERTISEMENTS.....	334-340

CHRONICLE.

The Queen.

HER MAJESTY left Windsor last Monday for Portsmouth, Cherbourg, and Florence.

In Parliament.

In the House of Lords yesterday week the Government were pretty severely "heckled" on two points affecting Ireland—the control of the forces, and Mr. MORLEY's recent insinuations that the landlords were putting pressure on their tenants and servants to make them sign petitions against Home Rule. The difficulty on the former point was explained away; in regard to the latter, Lord SPENCER and Lord KIMBERLEY had to confess that there was absolutely no evidence to justify the imputation, and to hope that their dear friend and colleague must have meant to say something quite different. The Commons had a day and a night of good general business. Mr. GLADSTONE was present; and, after some time had been wasted, or rather misused, by the Government majority lending themselves to the London County Council to disoblige the hated capitalist, and throw out the East London Water Bill, the main Army votes, together with a goodly number of others for the various services, were got at the morning sitting. The discussion was, as usual, miscellaneous, but turned mainly on the office of Judge-Advocate-General, and the new device—a very half-hearted one—for curtailing the private practice of the Law Officers, and making it up to them out of the public pocket. In the evening, after the Land-tax, the Solway fisheries, and other things had been talked about, the Estimates were resumed, and many more votes taken.

Some business was done in the House of Lords on Monday, including the passing of the Bills of Sale Bill. The House of Commons saw a sufficiently spirited debate on Uganda, and an edifying amount of positive business. At question time Mr. MORLEY was put under the harrow by Mr. CARSON, and Mr. GLADSTONE was rather uncertain as to the progress of business, and most evasively undignified on the discreditable attitude of the Government towards the Channel Tunnel. On Supply being introduced Mr. T. G. BOWLES attempted to strike out the Behring Sea Arbitration vote, but was snubbed on both sides. We are not far from agreeing with Mr. BOWLES's views on the subject of arbitrations in general, and this arbi-

tration in particular; but, as the Commission appointed by the late Government and fully acquiesced in by the present actually meets next week, the discussion he invited would have been not only, as Sir EDWARD GREY called it, "inopportune," but undignified and indecorous in the last degree. There was better sport toward in Mr. LABOUCHERE's subsequent motion on Uganda. The mover was not more serious than usual, and Mr. GLADSTONE, who followed him, was (for once) almost inaudible, and (not for once) impossible to follow as he twisted and doubled between the old love Scuttle and the new love ROSEBERY, and tried to make out that nothing meant anything, and everything meant nothing. Mr. BALFOUR had a famous opening, and took it, genially leaving his friends opposite to harmonize their little differences, and duly endorsing Lord ROSEBERY's action. Mr. STOREY, following Mr. LABOUCHERE, was at least earnest, waving the flag of Scuttle with undaunted pusillanimity, and some interesting speeches succeeded. But Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's finale put them all in the shade, and was the best speech he has delivered this season in the House. The thoroughness with which he handled the general subject was only equalled by his ruthless trapping of poor Mr. STOREY. That guileless man, being drawn in to say that he would rather spend money on the poor in the slums of London than on anything else, was suddenly countered by the question from his tough and sly adversary, "Then why are you going to vote "300,000*l.* a year next Friday to pay members of "Parliament who don't live in slums and don't want "the money?" A division showed 368 against Mr. LABOUCHERE to 46 for him, the 46 being made up of Radical scuttlers *quand même* and Irish Nationalists, who quite naturally object to any good being done to the British Empire. Numerous votes were then rushed through at the exhilarating speed which the House shows when it does get into the voting vein, and some other routine business connected with Supply having been dispatched, a pleasant evening, almost of the kind advertised on Dissenting chapel-doors—"Bright" and "Brotherly," if not "Brief"—came to an end.

On Tuesday the House of Lords was busy with the Church Patronage Bill in Committee, Lord GRIMTHORPE being in his glory. The two sittings of the House of Commons were each occupied with one principal and

some minor matters. The chief minor matter in the morning was another nebulous statement by Mr. GLADSTONE about business, the nebulousness, however, collecting itself into a somewhat more defined shape than before, the shape of the well-known threat—"If you're good, short holiday; if you're not good, shorter; but 'I won't say which till you've been good.'" Then Mr. FOWLER brought in his Parish and District Councils Bill, which is to make the whole of rural England produce enormous crops alike of mangel wurzel and Village HAMPDENS. The Bill, which may be briefly described as extending the crude and brute stupidity of the democratic formula throughout local government, was, as the phrase goes, "received favourably 'on all sides of the House.'" Bills thus received may be very good; they also, as students of Parliamentary government know, may be among the worst possible, but of a badness too popular in appearance to be openly opposed by any one. Those who have seen what the French rural commune has come to under not very dissimilar arrangements will know in which class to put this Bill. In the evening, after complaints made from both sides of the House as to the reticence of the Foreign Office on the Uganda matter, and threats of more trouble thereon, Sir JOHN LUBBOCK called attention to long hours in shops, and proposed a resolution that it was desirable that the local authority (that blessed local authority, which is to do badly for us everything that we used to do well for ourselves, and a great deal more also) should shut the shopkeepers' shops for them. The House wallowed in cant for some hours, and then adopted the resolution (which pledges Nobody to Nothing-in-Particular) with the usual touching unanimity.

Yet a third talk on Uganda took place on *Wednesday*, the situation the day before, and Mr. LABOUCHERE's profound grief and amazement at the imputations cast upon the PRIME MINISTER by the UNDER SECRETARY for FOREIGN AFFAIRS, seeming to require that Mr. GLADSTONE should speak again, and "clear up" Sir EDWARD GREY's very clear remarks. He spoke, and darkness was restored. But it did not much matter. The morning was fully provided with private members' Bills, which were fairly debated. Captain GRICE HUTCHINSON's Clubs Registration Bill was accepted by the Government, and referred to the limbo of a Select Committee. Mr. WRIGHTSON's Working Man's Dwellings Bill was also welcomed; and then the sixteenth or seventeenth measure of the Session for tinkering the liquor trade, Mr. BOLITHO's Sale of Intoxicating Liquor Bill, came on. The Temperance fanatics wanted to closure this, the third Bill on a Wednesday afternoon, through; but the SPEAKER refused.

In the House of Lords on *Friday*, Lord SUDELEY called attention to the grievances of naval officers. In the Lower House the halcyon times ceased, owing to Mr. GLADSTONE's persistent reticence—not to say rudeness—about the course of business. It was scarcely likely after the announcement of the party Caucus on Monday, that a homogeneous Opposition, which numbers eight to every nine of its motley opponents, would allow itself to be alternately hoodwinked and browbeaten. A decidedly lively scene arose between the Irish Loyalist members, Mr. BALFOUR, and Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL on the one side, Mr. MORLEY and Mr. GLADSTONE on the other. The PRIME MINISTER first gave, and afterwards tried to back out of, a challenge to a vote of censure on the Irish policy of the Government, which Mr. BALFOUR formally took. A division on the adjournment, in which the Government got a little less than their normal majority, was also taken, and all was delight of battle. Then the Registration Bill was debated and the debate adjourned. It was a pity that Mr. HANBURY slightly tarnished a good Opposition evening by trying to block the Mutiny

Bill, an attempt which the SPEAKER very properly squelched.

Politics out of Parliament. The names of the persons composing the Welsh Land Commission were published last week. It was not a strong one by any means. Lord SALISBURY was better, but not well. Agitation against the Home Rule Bill and its cubs, the Veto, Suspensory, and others, was progressing both in England and Ireland. The Goldsmiths' Company had administered a very dignified reproof to the L. C. C., for their attempt to blackmail the City Companies, pointing out that they—the Goldsmiths—already expend something like a third of their gross income on education. The Report of the Committee on Target Practice Seawards was issued, and recommended but trifling alterations in present ways, "more care," &c.

Except that the agitation against the Government measures generally was going on well, political news was not lively at the beginning of the week. Lord SALISBURY, like the agitation, was going on well; Mr. BALFOUR, on Saturday, had unveiled the memorial window in St. Margaret's to the late Mr. SMITH; and Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL had written a good and practical letter to the Unionists of Longford. On the other hand (for we love to give both sides always), the inimitable Mr. PAGE HOPPS was of opinion that the alarms of Irish Unionists only show how imperative it is that they should be at once shut up with the persons they are afraid of. It would be impertinent to remind Mr. PAGE HOPPS, who is a very serious man, of the "smile on the face" of a certain tiger.

Some interest was excited by the promulgation of a Government summons for a party meeting at the Foreign Office next Monday. This, of course, can only mean that Mr. GLADSTONE is to confess to his party that his "cutting down" tactics have failed, and to propose some alteration of policy.

The Record Pack. On Wednesday 200 Gladstonian members of Parliament waited on Lord HERSCHELL to praise him for packing the benches, and to urge him to pack faster. Probably in all the curious history of the "Axe relating to AUGUSTUS PEASE" there has been nothing odder than the elaborate answer of this Conscience-Keeper and Fountain of Equity. Lord HERSCHELL explained that he had a perfect horror of political appointments to the Bench. And he illustrated this by announcing that in nine months he had run up the total of justices from, in round numbers, eighteen hundred to two thousand two hundred; and that, of his four hundred and thirty appointments, four hundred were Gladstonian. In other words, he has added in less than a year one-fourth to a total representing, on the ordinary calculation, thirty years' appointments by both sides; and of this immense "watering" of J.P. stock about thirteen to one are Gladstonians.

Ireland. The general insurrection of almost the whole property, intelligence, loyalty, and decency of Ireland against the Home Rule Bill was joined last week by the Royal College of Surgeons, Dublin. The Belfast linen trade, the greatest industry in Ireland except the liquor-sellers', with others, followed. The important work of forming Roman Catholic Unionist Associations is being proceeded with, very much to the disgust of the Nationalist Hierarchy. These appear to have drawn after them that rather unstable prelate Cardinal LOGUE, who seems to be hantelling his new red hat with a dash of red politics. —A correspondence of much interest and importance was published on Wednesday morning between the Duke of NORFOLK and Colonel SAUNDERSON, the Duke protesting against the Colonel's language in regard to "Popish priests." The case is, in fact, a delicate one, and the dilemma sharp and far-reaching of horn. For

while, as the Duke may justly protest, the best of the Roman Catholic laity in both England and Ireland, and the best of the clergy in England, are thoroughly sound on this matter, it is undeniable that the conduct in Ireland of most of the Roman Catholic priests, and of far too many of their bishops, has deserved no milder epithet than disgraceful. — A curious postscript to this correspondence has since been supplied in the columns of the *Freeman's Journal*—which newspaper, by the way, is at present the subject of an intestine war of Directors, not only intensely comic but a very microcosm, by anticipation, of Ireland under Home Rule. To these columns the notorious Bishop NULTY has contributed a long epistle of angry self-exculpation in reference to the Meath elections, which he is to follow up with a brace of pamphlets next week. They should be fun.—It was announced yesterday morning that Lord SALISBURY would have to postpone his engagement in Belfast.

Foreign and Colonial Affairs. All the foreign intelligence of the end of last week was overshadowed by the sudden death of M. JULES FERRY, a striking trick of fortune played immediately after his recent restoration to what seemed likely to be again a great public career. We speak of him at length elsewhere; here it is enough to say that he was a one-eyed man of pretty clear sight among the blind, a man of some strength among the weak, a man of some honesty among rascals, and, on the whole, something not wholly unlike a statesman—in France. In Germany the Army Bill had been at last rejected *sans phrase*. The Brazilian insurgents in the province of Rio Grande do Sul had gained successes—or had not.

An interesting letter from Captain WILLIAMS to the British East Africa Company was published at the beginning of the week, giving an account of the present condition of the country, and strongly urging neither subsidies nor contingent re-occupation, but the continuance of a Resident with an armed force. France was still occupied with the death of M. FERRY (though there was also some doubtful news from Dahomey) and Germany with the Army Bill. A fair surplus on last year's accounts was announced from India, and in Egypt RIAZ Pasha had taken some steps to check the unmeasured abuse of the English *régime* in native journals. The much-fought-over Protestant chapel in Madrid had at last got itself "inaugurated." It was said that the POPE, with rather un-Papal bluntness, had observed that "there was really no need for the Emperor WILLIAM to pay him a visit," and, indeed, this young monarch does run a little risk of being oftener sped than welcomed. The habits of angels in this matter are, perhaps, the wisest. The Norwegian Storting, which had been thought likely to listen to reason in its demand for Home Rule *à outrance*, had, on the contrary, affirmed the claim to separate consulates, &c., by a relatively large majority.

The chief items of a rather unimportant batch of foreign news on Tuesday morning were a Russian claim—truly Russian in its coolness—to thirty miles sea-limit, instead of the usual three, in Behring Sea, and a debate in the Italian Parliament about the bank scandals. Panama was still with France, and the other standing dishes stood.

The news of Wednesday morning was more interesting. The Panama corruption trials had come to an end. M. CHARLES DE LESSEPS was sentenced to one year's imprisonment, which, as it is to run concurrently with his previous five, will not trouble him much; M. BLONDIN, an inferior sinner, to two. But the moral and maudlin M. BAIHAUT received the greater condemnation, his sentence being five years, together with, not the usual absurd little makeweight of a forty or eighty pound fine, but three-quarters of a million francs, and a further sum of half as much to the

Panama Company. This latter, however, appears to be payable (though accounts differed) by the three culprits jointly. The other defendants, including that meritorious and misplaced bookmaker, M. FONTANE (who "staggered and sobbed"), and M. PROUST, were acquitted. A French officer was said to have taken liberties with the English flag on the Gambia, but H.M.S. *Alecto* (an excellent name for a ship serving on the West Coast of Africa) had gone to inquire into matters.

M. FERRY was duly buried on Wednesday, on which day there was a curious scene in the Reichstag just before its Easter adjournment. AHLWARDT, the agitator, a person very like some of our present Democratic members of Parliament, failed to substantiate charges he had made against officials before a secret Committee composed of the leaders of parties, but, of course, maintained them all the same. There was to be a (friendly) meeting of British and Russian officers in the Kushk district of Afghanistan to settle disputed water claims.

More details of the Indian Budget came yesterday morning, with the news that Ferrol Harbour was, at English request, to be re-surveyed, and that M. CHALLEMEL-LACOUR had been elected of the French Academy in the room of M. RENAN, beating M. GASTON PARIS, a better, and M. ZOLA, a much worse candidate. M. JOHN LEMOINNE'S chair was not filled. It ought to have gone to M. BRUNETIÈRE, but two other candidates prevented a clear majority.

The University Boat-race and Sports. The Oxford and Cambridge Boat-race, which was rowed at the unusual time of half-past four on Wednesday, was the fastest on record; the distance being done by Oxford, the winner, in 18 min. 47 sec. It was also an extremely good one. It had been known that the Oxford crew were the stronger, and rowed much the longer stroke; but the Cambridge men had shown great improvement lately, and there was some suspicion of their rivals being over-trained. As a matter of fact, Oxford held its own almost all through; but the efforts made by the weaker crew were admirable, and at one time seemed not unlikely to succeed. In the sports, which followed on Thursday, an even more decided and much less expected victory awaited Oxford. Cambridge, thanks to the admirable legs of Mr. HORAN and Mr. LUTYENS, took the two long-distance races; but all the other seven events fell to Oxford, with the curious additional peculiarity that two Oxford men ran a dead heat for the 100 yards and two others for the hurdle race. One of the former pair was Mr. FRY, who also in the long jump passed 23 feet, though he did not quite match his "record" jump the other day.

The City and County of London Commission. This Commission has been constituted—rather oddly, and in something of a Groves of Blarney fashion. It consists of Mr. COURTNEY, Sir THOMAS FARRER, the Mayor of Liverpool, the City Solicitor, and the Town Clerk of Birmingham. We should like to add the Knight of Kerry and the Dean of Bocking.

Speeches and Meetings. The Institution of Civil Engineers had a banquet in the Middle Temple Hall last Saturday, which—the President, Mr. HAYTER, who should know, said—was attended by "none but distinguished men." This, as far as the speakers were concerned, was certainly true, though the distinctions were various. The distinction of Lord RIPON, for instance, is not quite the same in kind as that of Mr. MORLEY or Mr. BRYCE, of Sir LINTON SIMMONS or Lord KELVIN. But it is distinction all the same, and, perhaps, even greater in degree. The PRINCE OF WALES attended the National Lifeboat meeting in the afternoon of the same day. Mr. MUNDELLA attended

the meeting of the Associated Chambers of Commerce, and once more gave his cheap, popular, and favourite entertainment of scolding the railways for what was done, not by the railways, but by Parliament and the Board of Trade.

The Universities. At Cambridge on Tuesday, in a special Congregation, the honorary degree of Doctor in Science was conferred on Dr. VIRCHOW with much festivity and solemnity. It seems almost a pity that the famous old LL.D., usual in such cases, was not preferred to the newfangled distinction. Two days later Oxford adhered to ancient ways in making Dr. VIRCHOW a D.C.L.; but it would not be safe to infer too much from this as to the Conservatism of that University.

The Law Courts. An interesting case was tried at Derby last week for damage in the conduct of a public-house, which had caused the licence to be forfeited. This damage was assessed by the jury at 2,000*l.*, and a judgment given for it to the lessor. Now, according to the Bill just introduced by HER MAJESTY'S Government, the amount of such damage in any case is not a peppercorn.—In the Court of Appeal on Wednesday another decision was given in the great Cleveland Estates matter, Mr. MILBANK'S claim under entail being dismissed. HOBBS and WRIGHT were found guilty on the first charge against them, and HOBBS proceeded to take his trial on others.

Racing. The flat-racing season opened at Lincoln on Monday with good weather, good fields, and good sport. There was nothing very special to note on the first day; but on Tuesday Mr. SMITH'S Wolf's Crag, starting at 20 to 1, carried off the Lincolnshire Handicap rather well from Gangway and Marcion, some well-known horses—Tanzmeister, Simonian, Pensioner, and others—being in the ruck. The Brocklesby Stakes, on Wednesday, was an excellent race, Mr. COOPER'S Glare getting in half a length in front of Marguerite II., who was run to a neck by Faultless.

Miscellaneous. There was, for the time of year, very severe frost at the beginning of the week.—The Clapham and Paddington Electric Railway Bill was thrown out on Monday; on which day the PRINCE OF WALES visited the Record Office, and saw some of its sights.—The City and Waterloo Railway, also electric, and practically a prolongation of the South-Western, was luckier, its preamble being declared proved.—The Court which sat on the loss of the *Trinacria* had little to say but "strong currents" and bad lights."

Obituary. Sir GEORGE PREVOST was "Venerable" in more senses than that derived from his long tenure of the Archdeaconry of Gloucester. He was one of the oldest and one of the best of English churchmen.—Little need be said here of Mr. "ABINGTON" BAIRD: That he could most undoubtedly ride, that he was very rich, and that his death voids several interesting nominations for the chief races of the year, are perhaps the chief statements about him that could unite charity, popular interest, and truth.

Theatres. On Saturday last Mr. IRVING and his company gave, by the QUEEN'S command, a special performance of *Becket* before HER MAJESTY and the Court at Windsor.

UGANDA.

THE Uganda debate of Monday, the sequel to it which drew a very useful little speech from Sir EDWARD GREY on Tuesday, and the sequel to this sequel on Wednesday were, on the whole, satisfactory from a patriotic point of view. They were also interesting, if not wholly satisfactory, as showing *quel*

drôle de gouvernement we have got. As Sir JAMES FERGUSSON pointed out on the second day, there had been on the first no proper authoritative departmental answer or explanation on the Government side whatever. The PRIME MINISTER had, indeed, spoken. But he had not spoken as an expert, and what he had said had been rather a kind of apology for, and explaining away of, what his experts were doing than an account of it. Sir EDWARD GREY, in reply, made a very sensible speech of the right kind, reassuring Sir JAMES, endeavouring to soothe Colonel NOLAN'S inconsolable agony over those "Catholic" partisans of the French interest who "got in the way of bullets" while trying to cut the throats of English partisans, and parrying as best he could the wrath of Mr. LABOUCHERE. But, though Sir EDWARD is a very clever young man both with racquet and reply, he was obliged to tell Mr. LABOUCHERE roundly, when that person quoted an inconvenient speech of Mr. GLADSTONE'S last year, that Mr. GLADSTONE "had not got his information" at the time. On such a confession it is unnecessary to make much comment, the best of all, perhaps, being supplied by Mr. GLADSTONE'S own further speech next day. We shall only say that Sir EDWARD, in half a dozen words, has formulated the neatest, if not quite the completest, criticism possible of the whole long career of his beloved and revered leader. We shall venture to do the completing. Mr. GLADSTONE has always "not got" any "information at the time," but what suits his purpose; and he very often takes good care not to have got it.

The main debate was, as we have said, satisfactory, despite its singular reticences. Mr. GLADSTONE would not formally endorse Lord ROSEBURY, but he would not formally disavow him; and, when Mr. BALFOUR put the FOREIGN SECRETARY'S words into plain language, not a soul on the Treasury Bench dared to disavow or protest against his interpretation. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN put the whole case for retention, and showed how the steps taken by the Government are not compatible with anything but retention, in one of the clearest and most convincing speeches recently delivered in Parliament. Mr. PAUL, representing at once the more intelligent portion of the Ministerial party and a Scotch constituency (they know all about Uganda in Scotland, and have not the slightest sympathy with scuttle there), spoke practically on the same side. A specimen of the other, better, perhaps, than the laboured pleasantry of Mr. LABOUCHERE or the unlaboured dulness of Mr. STOREY, may be found in Mr. R. T. REID. It is true that this learned gentleman rarely opens his mouth in Parliament or on a platform without showing that a man may have a great and deserved reputation for law, Latin, and liberal amusements, while possessing rather poor and unhappy brains for other things. But he surpassed himself in crying out against his friend Mr. PAUL for observing that the Nile leads to Uganda. "Why, you would have to conquer the 'Soudan!'" said Mr. REID, justly vain, no doubt, of knowing where the Soudan is, and that it is not at present "conquered." The one speaker, of course, had politics and geography enough to know that the reopening of the waterway to Equatorial Africa is a mere matter of time, and probably of no long time; the other had not.

The fact is that "not having got your information" is, except in a few monomaniacs of scuttle like Mr. STOREY, Mr. LABOUCHERE, and perhaps Mr. GLADSTONE himself, and in a few genuine abhorers of anything that makes for the greatness of England, like the Nationalists, and perhaps Mr. LABOUCHERE, at the root of all this Uganda opposition. People like Mr. REID—who, no doubt, is not to be included in these classes—will not either give themselves the trouble to discover, or have the modesty to accept on the authority of

those who know, the fact that Uganda is a territory desirable in itself and infinitely important as a political and commercial centre and basis. It is not too much to say that a time will come, and may come very rapidly, when it will not be less important for England's retention of the claims she holds or has "pegged out" in Africa that the Equatorial Lakes should be English than that the English flag should float at Capetown, and that no European flag not English should float at Alexandria. Africa is the only considerable sphere left for colonization; and Uganda, in the wide sense, is the "hub" of Africa in a sense not applicable, perhaps, to any other country in any other continent in the world.

THE FRENCH WELTER.

WE had recently occasion to make an estimate of the character of M. FERRY. The circumstances then allowed of a frankness of expression which would be indecent at present, but what we said then was substantially all there is to say now in commenting on his sudden death. M. FERRY was a strong man in a very weak generation. It is possible that, if he had lived before the disintegration and degradation of the French political world had reached the point which they have attained to-day, he might have passed almost unnoticed. On the other hand, there is the undeniable possibility that, if he had had the fortune to work when stable Administrations could still be established, he might have had opportunities which were denied him. As it is, we can only say that he showed qualities of resolution and self-reliance which are not visible in any of his contemporaries. He was the only man who did not lose his head in the presence of the Commune. If he had been supported, he might have crushed it at the beginning; but, again, if he had been a little more intrepid than he was, he might have compelled the Provisional Government to give him support. It is at least not absurd to think that, if he had seized the Hôtel de Ville with the loyal portion of the National Guard, if he had refused to retire in obedience to orders from Versailles, he might have forced the hands of his superiors. Obedience to orders is good, and is the rule from which no man is to depart save at his own risk. Yet there are times when it is right to follow the example of NELSON at Copenhagen and of DUNDONALD in the Basque Roads. To be sure the risk is great, and a man must be justified by success and his own genius. M. FERRY saw the right thing to do, which was honourable, but he wanted the touch of heroism to act for himself. In that he was only the more typical Frenchman, who, though the most unstable man in the world, is still a slave to the letter. Therefore, perhaps, it is that, in spite of his courage, his ingenuity, his very fine and genuine patriotism, he is smitten with a blight of irresolution at those moments when routine and forms fail, and a man must act for himself. Many an Indian official with half M. FERRY's brains would have gone into a white rage at the idea of turning his back to the rabble, would have left his superiors at Versailles to play the coward if they could do no better, would have struck into the Communal mob with nine chances out of ten of being knocked on the head, but a tenth chance of saving his country from the most shameful episode in its history.

It is natural to think that M. FERRY might have played a great part in France now if he had lived. He had more character than any of his contemporaries, and his rivals are all discredited. But one has serious doubts how far it is possible for any man who cannot dispense with Parliamentary government to govern in France at present. A friend of M. FERRY's has just told us that when the Lang-Son incident occurred, he

did not defend himself in the Chamber by producing evidence that the defeat was not so serious as it was supposed to be. His reason for abstaining was that he felt treason on all sides of him, and preferred to fall at once. What M. FERRY called "treason" was the utter inability of the French Deputies to form a disciplined party, to act with loyalty to one another under a chief. We see no prospect that this defect will be amended, and until it is Parliamentary government is impossible. A much greater man than M. FERRY would fail to make ropes out of such sand. It is the light thrown on the quality of that material which constitutes the main interest of the Panama trial. The jury has, on the whole, found very fairly. It may have been influenced improperly in favour of the lesser defendants by the feeling that they were being sacrificed as scapegoats; but the evidence against them was certainly insufficient. As regards M. FONTANE, it did not clearly appear that he did more than verify M. BLONDIN's claim to be acting as jackal for M. BAÏHAUT, and then hand over the bribe which M. CHARLES DE LESSEPS had decided to pay the Minister. The condemnation of MM. DE LESSEPS and BLONDIN was inevitable after the confession of M. BAÏHAUT. The first unquestionably gave a bribe, the second acted as intermediary, and made his profit by so doing. M. BAÏHAUT himself is perhaps the most absolutely ignoble figure which has come to light in the whole of these transactions. He confessed, with unctuous loquacity and a more than Pecksniffian or Brassian ecstasy of grovel, that he had acted the sturdy beggar to the Panama Company. He first endeavoured to gain a cheap reputation for magnanimity by exonerating BLONDIN. On second thoughts he repented of this generosity, and attempted to excuse himself by the unspeakably base plea that it was BLONDIN who had corrupted his precious integrity. It was, perhaps, pity for men who had been peached upon by this shameless greedy rogue which induced the jury to find extenuating circumstances for MM. DE LESSEPS and BLONDIN. If so, we do not feel inclined to blame them very severely. M. BAÏHAUT richly deserved the long term of imprisonment and the crushing fine to which he has been sentenced. Pity would be thrown away on him, and not much is due to his understrapper BLONDIN, who knew that he was making money by doing dirty work for a mean employer.

It is not equally clear that M. CHARLES DE LESSEPS is not entitled to some commiseration. It is easy and cheap to insist that the Panama Company was badly managed, and to say that, if it had been a sound concern, it need never have made those applications to politicians which laid it open to extortion. This is neither the whole truth, nor does the discredit for it rest even mainly on M. DE LESSEPS. What appears from the whole bulk of the evidence is that from the beginning the Company was very closely connected with the Government. M. ALLAIN-TARGÉ, ex-Minister, was called to prove that early in the Eighties M. FERDINAND DE LESSEPS was in the habit of haunting the offices of Ministers for the purpose of securing support for his Company. He used to argue that the Republic must not be less ready to favour a great national undertaking than the EMPEROR had been to patronize the Suez Canal. When persuasion failed—so said M. ALLAIN TARGÉ—M. FERDINAND DE LESSEPS fell back on threats. He warned Ministers that, if they did not aid the Company, they must expect to be attacked by the papers in its pay. The prosecution built on this evidence a charge of extortion against the Company which they would have had the jury believe had bullied the poor innocent Ministers. M. ALLAIN-TARGÉ also asserted that what he represented as an attempt to blackmail him was made by M. LEVY-CRÉMEUX, the financial agent of the Company. M. ALLAIN-TARGÉ did not add that he

showed M. DE LESSEPS and M. LÉVY-CRÉMIEUX the door, or that he consulted the Cabinet as to the advisability of directing the Procureur-Général to take this matter in hand. On the contrary, he continued to treat the blackmailer and corrupter with distinguished consideration, negotiations went on as before, and they were of a character to require the intervention of M. LÉVY-CRÉMIEUX, who is dead, of M. DE REINACH, also dead, of M. AERTON, who is abroad nobody knows where, and of M. CORNELIUS HERZ, now unfortunately ill at Bournemouth under threat of a demand for his extradition, which the French Government shows no desire to press. When the Boulangist excitement was at its height, something happened to cause differences of a pronounced character to arise between M. CORNELIUS HERZ and M. DE REINACH. Great obscurity rests on this matter, but it was of a nature to induce MM. FLOQUET, DE FREYCINET, ROUVIER, and CLÉMENTEAU to intervene. They consulted, they looked at this and at that, and agreed in advising M. DE LESSEPS to see what he could do. Of course, he was quite free to act as he pleased, but it was their advice that he had better do something. There is considerable evidence to show that M. FLOQUET actually directed the expenditure of 300,000 francs for some purpose not specified in Court. Incidentally it appeared from the evidence of a M. BORIE that the prevalence of corruption was a standing joke in the Chamber. When he expressed indignation at an attempt to corrupt him made in the very lobby, he was laughed at by a colleague, who said that this sort of thing happened daily, and wanted to know how long it was since he left his province.

The prosecution endeavoured to show that all this, and much more to the same purpose, which may be read in the detailed reports of the trial, shows that the Company was solely responsible for the corruption of "la probité Française," which everybody is deploring. To us it appears that French probity was as tolerant of insult as POOR BAH himself. It is the mere cant of the Bar—which is much the same in all countries—to say that the Company might have cried out when, in M. DE LESSEPS's phrase, it was asked for its watch at the corner of the wood. The Ministers and Deputies might have cried out when they were "seriously insulted." It appears that they preferred to mortify their spiritual pride by pocketing the "insult." Those who are not suspected of taking money for themselves were quite ready to use the Company's resources for political purposes. There was a practice of give-and-take between the two Powers which opened the door to every kind of bribery and extortion. To throw the blame of all this on M. DE LESSEPS, who was committed to the enterprise by filial piety, is outrageous. We are not even sure that M. FERDINAND DE LESSEPS himself was greatly to blame for not forgetting the traditions of the Empire and the Suez Canal. The Republican Deputies did very little to make him understand that he had lived into another world. What they exactly did do remains, as we have said, obscure; but it might be cleared up if the Ministry of the Interior would speak and would explain, as it could, why eminent politicians thought it necessary to take notice of the disputes of MM. HERZ and REINACH. What was the scandal which they feared?

USELESS KNOWLEDGE.

EXCEPT in rare instances, such as acquaintance with gunpowder when you are dealing with savages, knowledge is useless. Save as materials for *chantage*, or blackmailing, or in examinations, knowledge is not power, and is of no practical value. The greater credit for disinterestedness is due to Mr. W. S. WALSH, who has published a "Dictionary of Things Not

"Worth Knowing" under the title of a *Handbook of Literary Curiosities* (GIBBINGS). Mr. WALSH seems to be an American, and his curiosities, therefore, are "curiouser and curiouser," to quote ALICE, but they are not always literary. Occasionally he is more curious than he meant to be. He cannot be expected to give all his sources, and sometimes a critic who happens to know the source knows how Mr. WALSH made a mistake.

It was not Mr. JEAFFRESON, but another writer on BYRON, who said that originality could only be expected from lunatics, hermits, and sensational novelists. Mr. WALSH's error reveals the well-head of his knowledge and shows the desirableness of verifying your references. Few things are less worth knowing about and more generally interesting than foolish old literary quarrels. Mr. WALSH revels in them; he has the TENNYSON and LYTTON squabble, Mr. THACKERAY's little momentary irritation against a journal which is his most faithful admirer, the vexations connected with the Garrick Club, and so on. If THACKERAY is to be accused of jealousy of DICKENS, it might at least have been added that he showed it in a very extraordinary way, as no great writer ever praised another so often and so warmly. And whether he was in the right or in the wrong, it should have been remarked that it was he who sought a reconciliation. Even in Dictionaries of Useless Knowledge the knowledge might be accurate. The ancient excesses of the *Quarterly Review* and *Blackwood* naturally fill many of Mr. WALSH's gossiping pages. He has not taken the trouble to ascertain what the other side, the Liberal writers, were saying. Were their remarks all sweet charity? LOCKHART is given the blame for the ferocities of *Blackwood* exercised on the person of LEIGH HUNT. But SCOTT must have known the facts as well as Mr. WALSH, and he, regretting the violence of an article on LEIGH HUNT, fears that LOCKHART may be dragged into a quarrel in which he is not a principal. Again, if *Blackwood* became of milder mood when LOCKHART went to London and to the *Quarterly*, it was exactly then that WILSON published the two cruel reviews of SCOTT's *Demonology* and *Witchcraft*. WILSON must have known very well that the work, in the circumstances of its composition, should have been received with the respect of silence at least; but he assaulted it with every taunt that some obscure irritation could suggest. Apparently, as soon as LOCKHART ceased to be a close neighbour, he became an enemy in WILSON's eyes. "*Blackwood's Magazine*, after 'long bedaubing me with compliments, has begun to 'daub LOCKHART for my sake, or perhaps me for 'LOCKHART's sake, with abuse,' says SCOTT. This remarkable generosity coincided with LOCKHART's departure from Edinburgh. We may add that, in the LOCKHART period, one of the Tory reviews reviewed LAMB with absolutely affectionate praise, and SCOTT, having been given *Frankenstein* by SHELLEY, and believing it to be SHELLEY's own work, applauded it to the echo.

Political partisanship was not always allowed to interfere with literary appreciation, and, even if LAMB were, in SCOTT's eyes, a friend of publicans and sinners, he invited him to stay at Abbotsford. Unluckily, LAMB did not accept the invitation. That old and much-talked-of wordy war cannot be fairly chronicled if the chivalries of a very perfect gentle knight are omitted from the record. In the equally famous *Quarterly* review of *Jane Eyre* the Higher Criticism detects the work of two hands—of a favourable critic and a fierce interpolating editor. However the Higher Criticism may be as far out as it often is, still the celebrated attack has certainly an air of patchwork. In the BULWER-LYTTON squabbles it is curious enough

that SCOTT read *Pelham* with interest and curiosity, divining, perhaps, the novelist who, with all his faults, was yet, for some time, his least unworthy successor. Mr. WALSH attributes to his enemy, the Scorpion, the sentence about DICKENS'S "coming down like the stick." This is not the usual attribution. He quotes the *Quarterly's* chaff of the water-rat in *The Miller's Daughter*, and of the *niaiserie* in early Tennysonian verse, without adding that the poet sedulously accepted his critic's censure, and cut out the absurdities. Lord TENNYSON was one of the few poets who have had the sense to benefit by criticism. Mr. RIDER HAGGARD also, being corrected by astronomers, turned an eclipse of the sun into an eclipse of the moon, but, according to Mr. WALSH, he was not correct as to the movements of the latter heavenly body. *Transeat cum ceteris!* On another piece of useless knowledge Mr. WALSH is well informed. Why is the Nine of Diamonds "the Curse of Scotland"? Mr. WALSH has found that the phrase is earlier than the enterprise of 1745. In a contemporary caricature, Prince CHARLES is driving a herd of bulls, laden with Papal curses, across Tweed. Among the curses lies the Nine of Diamonds. STAIR'S arms are not on the back of the Nine of Diamonds in the armorial pack of cards published just after the Massacre of Glencoe. But where is "Elizabeth Castle," where Queen MARY kept her crown? Can the "Curse" be "the Cross of Scotland," the Nine Diamonds arranged in a St. Andrew's Cross? This is very ingenious and new to us.

In talking of plagiarism, Mr. WALSH makes an English author convey a whole chapter from an American. If he lifted anything at all, it was but half a page. Finally, Athol brose is *not* made "by pouring boiling water on oatmeal and introducing a few condiments." The ingredients of Athol brose are really a branch of useful knowledge, comparatively speaking, and have no business in a treatise on the unprofitable learning. To represent the Master of Balliol as "livid with fury" is, indeed, to show ignorance of local colour; in fact, "they didn't know everything down in Judee," nor do they always know anything right. But Mr. WALSH'S useless knowledge is much more amusing than profitable studies can be made, as a rule.

IRELAND AND THE DISRUPTION BILL.

IT is perhaps natural to those who are engaged in the daily strife of politics, either in Parliament or in the press, to expect an unreasonable measure of rapidity in the political movements of the public mind. Such persons are, it may be, a little too apt to forget that their own quickness of apprehension and decision on these matters is not wholly due to their livelier patriotism, but arises in at least appreciable measure out of their necessarily keener interest in the everyday business of their own lives. Hence it has been a little hard for Unionist politicians and journalists to realize the fact that the new offspring of Mr. GLADSTONE'S alliance with the avowed enemies of the British Power is not instantaneously recognizable by the outside public as the monstrosity, the legislative CALIBAN, at once malignant and grotesque, for which they knew it at a glance themselves. For this outside public, or that proportion of it—by no means unhappily an overwhelming one in these days of a debased franchise—which is capable of distinguishing between the normal and the monstrous in legislation, is a public of busy men, much interested in the affairs of their respective callings, nor readily to be drawn away from them by the clamorous tongues of politicians, who, on either side, lie always more or less under the business man's suspicion as habitual utterers of the unwar-

ranted cry of "Wolf." It is, therefore, as natural on the part of this public to be somewhat unduly slow in taking in the facts of a momentous political crisis, as it is on the part of the politician to be too impatient of his delay. Their mutual misunderstanding, however, is now assuredly at an end. There is no longer any doubt that the great body of sensible and loyal citizens on either side of St. George's Channel fully recognize the fact that their vigorously vocal monitors in Parliament and the press have not exaggerated the gravity of the situation. Nor can those who have at last succeeded in rousing them entertain any misgivings as to the completeness of their success.

On either side, we said, of St. George's Channel; and, for our own part, we are especially gratified by the demonstrations on its west. The form which they have taken, and the dimensions to which they have attained during the past week, are eminently disconcerting to the Gladstonians, who, no doubt in this as in other matters connected with Mr. GLADSTONE'S revived Disruption scheme, have been founding their calculation upon the basis of a signally imperfect analogy. There is good reason to presume that they have framed their forecast of the probable reception of the Bill of 1893 upon the precedent supposed to have been supplied by the reception of the Bill of 1886. In so doing, however, they overlook a fundamental difference between the two cases. How much latent opposition there existed to the Bill of seven years ago was never ascertained; and that for the simple reason that the revolt of that large and influential portion of Mr. GLADSTONE'S party who repudiated it had reassured the Unionist public as to its probable fate in the House of Commons. There was no need, it was thought, of outside demonstration against a measure whose Parliamentary doom might be regarded as sealed. It is otherwise, of course, in the present case. A Bill which is expected even by its opponents to pass its second reading, and which may conceivably find its way in a mangled and mutilated shape to the House of Lords, is a far more serious matter. Now, therefore, that Irishmen, having any stake in the material prosperity and any regard for the political respectability of their country, have been aroused to a full perception of the disgrace and ruin with which Mr. GLADSTONE'S insane project threatens her, they are protesting against it with an earnestness and, what is even more important, a unanimity at which the Gladstonians are manifestly aghast. The large and enthusiastic meetings which have been held by Catholic Loyalists in the three Southern provinces have had a twofold effect upon the situation. They have had, that is to say, an effect in strengthening the moral position of the main body of Irish Loyalists, the Protestants of Ulster, and an effect in impressing the English mind with the reality of the material menace implied in their resistance. For, in the first place, even the egregious Mr. PAGE HOPPS can hardly, in the face of this Catholic uprising against disruption, go on repeating his arrogant nonsense about the demoralizing effect of Protestant ascendancy, and the necessity of chastising Ulster—that is to say, of vicariously chastising her; for the valorous Mr. HOPPS, we dare swear, will not offer to take a turn at the cape himself—into submission to Archbishop WALSH and Mr. HEALY, as soon as these two dear friends can make it up with each other. And, in the second place, even the noisiest of those Gladstonian heroes who are sneering at Ulster's preparations for resistance may find their Cockney insolence sitting even more uncomfortably upon them than it does at present when, from these displays of Catholic aversion to Home Rule, they are able to measure the tenfold greater force of Protestant hostility to a *régime* which would be ten times as dangerous to their liberties and interests.

Nor are these demonstrations of the Catholic Loyalists

of Ireland—demonstrations which it requires much spirit and firmness on the part of a scattered minority to organize and hold in the midst of a hostile population overwhelmingly outnumbering them—the only discouragement which the Gladstonians have met with during the past week. Signs of the profound discontent of the Nationalists themselves with the provisions of Mr. GLADSTONE'S precious scheme are multiplying fast. The apprehension with which the Boards of Guardians view the threatened withdrawal of the Imperial subsidies declared itself at least a fortnight ago; and Mr. SEXTON'S innocent attempt to reassure them by the reminder that the money will still be at the disposal of the Irish Government is not likely to have brought much comfort to their troubled minds. The doubts which disquiet them are not as to the existence of the money, but as to its future application. They are not satisfied with tracing it from the Imperial Treasury to the Irish Exchequer; their patriotic fear—a fear which speaks volumes for the confidence of the local authorities in a Home Rule Government—is that it will never get any nearer to their own coffers than that. And this fear will not be allayed by the candid avowals of the Nationalist leaders that they do not see how Ireland can manage to make both ends meet under the present financial arrangements of the Bill. The Guardians are shrewd enough to see that, if money should be "tight" in Dublin under a Nationalist Chancellor of the Exchequer, they would fare but badly. That excellent Border motto, "Thou shalt want ere I want," would undoubtedly be the principle which would govern that eminent financier's dealings with them in such an event. It is not necessary, however, to go to these directly interested Nationalists for evidences of the general disfavour into which the Bill has fallen. It cannot even count with confidence on the good word of the National League itself. The Mayor of Limerick, presiding the other night over a meeting of one of the branches of that body, said that there was a difference of opinion as to whether the measure would be beneficial or injurious to that body. Financially he believed, he said, that the Bill was not a good one; and the remark was received with cheers. The retention of the Irish members in the House of Commons was absolutely necessary, and should be insisted on. Another member of the League was more outspoken still. He declared that, if the Bill were not amended in some of its most serious defects, "it was quite possible" that the Irish members would have to vote against "the third reading." All this must be very disturbing to the faithful followers of Mr. GLADSTONE. Their leader's "great measure of constructive legislation" has as yet been only a few weeks before the world, yet the time has been long enough for it to raise up a whole host of resolute and uncompromising enemies, without, so far as can be seen, having made itself a single friend.

A POLITICAL DON JUAN.

THE Irish members, speaking through Mr. JUSTIN MCCARTHY and the telegraphic wire, have expressed their conviction that Mr. GLADSTONE is "faithful" to them. This confidence is touching. Mr. GLADSTONE has been a sort of political DON JUAN, embracing and deserting cause and party after cause and party. Yet the last or, up to the present moment, the latest of his political flames believes that he will exhibit a fidelity to it which he has been unable to maintain towards any other. Probably the assumed confidence betrays a real misgiving. It is a reminder, if not a reproof. It is inspired by the hope that Mr. GLADSTONE is at last ranging himself, that he is

settling down, and that he will display towards Ireland a constancy which he has never shown in any previous *liaison*. "You will not treat us as you have treated the 'poor abandoned creatures from whom you have withdrawn your protection, who are now thrown, in a 'political sense, upon the streets.' Faith, according to the definition of the unconsciously Voltairean schoolboy, is a belief in things which you know not to be true. The Irish faith in Mr. GLADSTONE is of this character. It may be justified. The instances are not infrequent of men who have betrayed and deserted worthy affections, and, moved by some inexplicable infatuation, have obstinately adhered to some ignoble attachment. Untrue to everything else, Mr. GLADSTONE may—though the chances are against it—be true to Home Rule. He is deeply touched, as he well may be, by this blind and unreasoning confidence, which has evidently affected him with a lively surprise. 'The epithet 'faithful' . . . is that," he says, "which I covet pre-eminently, 'and indeed alone.' No wonder; a man covets that which he has not got, and which usually he has little chance of obtaining. In the vocabulary of eulogy this is the one word of praise which Mr. GLADSTONE'S sycophants have hitherto shrunk from bestowing on him. Curiously enough, it was the epithet which the first great traitor, the leader of the revolt against Heaven, coveted; and GABRIEL'S reply, if we may transfer the language of celestial to terrestrial politics, really answers Mr. GLADSTONE'S boast of his fidelity to the party of revolt and sedition:—

To say and straight unsay . . .
 Argues no leader . . .
 Satan, and couldst thou faithful add? O name,
 O sacred name of faithfulness profaned!
 Faithful to whom? to thy rebellious crew.

Up to the present time Mr. GLADSTONE has dealt with his political convictions, and even with his theological and ecclesiastical convictions, when they have entered into the sphere of politics, after the manner in which Jerusalem was dealt with, wiping it "as a man 'wipeth a dish, wiping it and turning it upside down.'" He has been the universal apostate. To confine ourselves only to recent incidents, and not to go back on the history of the past sixty years, Mr. GLADSTONE is member for Mid-Lothian, not because he has been faithful to Home Rule, but because he was faithless to his economic principles with respect to the regulation of labour. His retraction—only the day before the poll, if we recollect rightly—of his hostility to the Eight Hours movement, under the pressure of a threatening notice from the miners of that county, alone prevented his defeat by a large majority. Mr. GLADSTONE is now an accessory at least to the project of the payment of members, of which he says his colleagues are in favour, carefully omitting mention of himself, as if he were not Prime Minister, but an Under-Secretary or Junior Lord of the Treasury, obedient to orders. When Mr. PETER TAYLOR brought forward the question, Mr. GLADSTONE would not allow even the introduction of the Bill, which Parliamentary usage sanctioned, but opposed it as a project so pernicious that it ought not even to be entertained by the House of Commons. The opponents of the scheme would do well to reprint Mr. GLADSTONE'S speech, and to send a copy to every member of Parliament, if the project reaches the stage of discussion. Whether Mr. GLADSTONE has altered his mind does not much matter, since he has altered his conduct. Then, again, there is the tergiversation, whether of opinion or conduct, on the Channel Tunnel question. We leave on one side his larger apostasies. The fact is that Mr. GLADSTONE is not the FAITHFUL but the TALKATIVE of the political *Pilgrim's Progress*; TALKATIVE of Prating Street, in BUNYAN'S description of whom there are some sentences which aptly describe the fluent tongue and unstable mind of the Parliamentary Mr. WORDY of our

time. Mr. GLADSTONE possibly believes that fidelity is his great virtue. THURLOW made a like boast; and WILKES'S JEMMY TWITCHER was not conscious, probably, of any breach of faith. Lord SHELburne thought himself a very simple-minded and plain-spoken sort of person. ERSKINE may have believed, in his modesty, and CHARLES JAMES FOX in his political consistency and nicety of moral scruple. But that the "rebellious crew" has the confidence which it affects in the loyalty of the deserter is more difficult of belief.

COMPETING WITH THE CHEAP-JACK?

THE rapidity with which the political cheap-jacks on the Treasury Bench are flashing their wares before an open-mouthed and round-eyed public is beginning to bewilder. "What d'ye lack? What d'ye lack?" seems positively to ring in our ears from day to day. The brisk cheerfulness of the scene is, moreover, enhanced by the circumstance that no sooner have our embarrassed hucksters produced one commodity from their stock, and begun to descant on its merits, than somebody in the crowd cries out for another, which has in its turn to be hurriedly brought forth; while the best of the joke is that not more than one or two of the multitude of articles is in the least likely to be fit for delivery within any measurable period of time. It is to be supposed that some of Mr. GLADSTONE'S would-be customers are aware of this, and of course he knows it perfectly well himself; but still he goes on mechanically turning out what are really only dummy samples of the goods asked for. At the least murmur of a demand from any quarter, he responds with a new Bill, or with the hasty appointment of a further stage of an old one. Welsh Suspensory Bill, Employers' Liability Bill, Registration Bill, Local Veto Bill—they have all come tumbling out in the same way, and in obedience to the same motive power. Every Gladstonian faction in its turn has put its penny in the slot; and nothing has stuck in the machine but the Payment of Members Bill. Even this may very likely be shaken out later on; and in the meantime the first reading of a Bill for Shortening the Duration of Parliaments is to be given the disappointed applicants for salaries, as something to amuse themselves with, until the Government have time to attend to them.

These desperate attempts on Mr. GLADSTONE'S part to meet impossible demands for legislation by producing an endless series of dummy Bills are in themselves no worse than ludicrous. They do no particular mischief; for the Government, already, and before they took office, pledged up to the eyes to give everybody (who had a vote) everything, can hardly now apply any fresh stimulus to those passions of greed and envy to which they exclusively appeal. There is nothing, for instance, in Mr. FOWLER'S Parish Councils Bill for which the public were not, or ought not to have been, thoroughly prepared. There is nothing more—if, indeed, there be not less—in it than the rural voter has been diligently taught to expect; and this formal reduction of Gladstonian promises to writing could, therefore, of itself have done little harm. What harm it has done is due, we regret to say, to the reception given to the Bill by Mr. LONG on behalf of the Opposition. We need not now stop to consider how far the late Government are what is called "committed to the principle" of Parish Councils; though we may just remark, in passing, that the whole of this doctrine of "commitment"—according to which, in its more extreme form, some dozen or so of official gentlemen can claim to bind the whole of their party by their *obiter dicta* on the Treasury Bench—appears to us to stand in much need of revision. But, waiving

this point for the present, and assuming for the sake of argument that the Conservative party is pledged to the establishment of Parish Councils in some form or other, we are still curious to know what party or principles Mr. LONG conceived himself to be representing in the almost effusive welcome given by him to several of the provisions of the Bill which are distinctly objectionable from the Tory point of view, and in the humiliating timidity wherewith he hinted his disapproval of others which we should have thought that even the most "modern" of modern Conservatives would not have looked at. We know not upon what grounds, or indeed by what right, the late Secretary to the Local Government Board, even though speaking in what he called "this Democratic House of Commons," gave away the property qualification for guardians, the *ex officio* seats on the Board, the plural vote, and the various other arrangements for limiting the absolute monarchy of numbers. But what are we to say of Mr. LONG'S mild objections to the preposterous rating powers proposed to be conferred on these little village Boards? What, above all, are we to say of the terms in which a Parliamentary representative of the Conservative party treats the simply monstrous proposal that five parish-councillors—or, in other words, HODGE and four friends—are to be allowed to take land compulsorily, not only without the sanction of Parliament, but without requiring the "with your leave or by your leave" of District Council or County Council, or any authority in the country save a Ministerial department, the President of which for the time being may be Mr. JOSEPH ARCH? Are the views of that party quite adequately expressed in the remark that "the House would do well to consider 'the above proposal carefully before assenting to it'?" Or would Conservatism be more faithfully represented by the declaration (which we will here make on our own account) that the House ought not "to consider 'any such proposal carefully,' or at all, but ought at once to scout it as unworthy of a moment's serious entertainment?" Of course, if Conservatism means nothing more or less than unlimited competition with the Radical cheap-jack, Mr. LONG'S expression of its views would be adequate. But only on that assumption.

THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE exasperation of nerves which is the natural result of an attempt to crowd too much work into a given time has begun to affect the Ministry's temper very seriously. So, at least, we conclude, judging by the irritation from which Mr. GLADSTONE was suffering on Thursday night. Nobody on either side of the House can have been at all surprised at the discovery. To endeavour to force the second reading of one great Bill, and of more small ones than it is easy to remember, through the House of Commons before an early Easter, and to fail, is an experience which ruffles a Prime Minister more patient of opposition than Mr. GLADSTONE. It is true, no doubt, that the disappointment is entirely of his own making. Mr. GLADSTONE was not bound to attempt to treat the Opposition in the House of Commons as if it were a minority of Moderates in the County Council. It was even an error which his long experience of the House should have taught him to avoid. But, though this is a good reason why our feeling towards Mr. GLADSTONE in his present difficulty need not be one of sympathy, it cannot afford him personally any appreciable consolation. The hardest-hearted of spectators would not expect that the perhaps too familiar engineer should be reconciled to going aloft by the reflection that this would never have happened if he had not himself placed the familiar petard.

So it is not to be wondered at that a Prime Minister occupying Mr. GLADSTONE's position should have shown irritation. Still less is it matter for wonder that Mr. GLADSTONE, being Mr. GLADSTONE, should have displayed an irritation which rather more than attained to pettishness in the course of the brief conversation on the state of business last Thursday afternoon. The Ministry has barely left time enough to get through necessary business before Easter. It is idle to assert that the crush is in any way due to the action of the Opposition. From the moment that Mr. GLADSTONE retreated from his monstrous pretension to rush the second reading of his Irish Bill before Easter, there has been nothing which can be called Obstruction save by the most impudent dishonesty. Money has been voted at a speed which, if anything, errs on the side of excess. If the vote on account is left to the last moment, it is not because there has been delay in Supply, but because the Ministry, after taking the whole time of the House, and even Saturday, has wasted it on the introduction of Bills which are not even meant to pass. The Opposition has treated these Bills with the utmost tenderness. The Ministry, and the Ministry alone, is responsible if the business of the House is crowded at the last moment. Even now time is wasted. Mr. GLADSTONE is keeping back for a party meeting what he ought to tell the House, and business is delayed at the last moment in favour of a party meeting which is to be the occasion of a massacre of the innocents to be perpetrated at an unprecedentedly early date.

It was in strict accordance with the practice of taking advantage of their own wrong, which has been habitual with the Ministry from the first, that Mr. GLADSTONE sees no reason why the debate on the vote on account should occupy more than one night. He refused to recognize the existence of any of those "broad issues" which justified the prolongation of the debate of 1889 and 1890. As Mr. GLADSTONE could not perceive anything on a par with the Parnell Commission of 1889 and "the very important questions" which occupied the House in 1890, he felt justified in giving members the choice of either disposing of the vote on account on one night, or seeing an inroad made on the Easter holidays. This is the policy of putting the House between the Devil and the deep sea, which Mr. GLADSTONE has endeavoured to apply from the beginning, and from which some of his followers have expected great results. Failure to apply it to any purpose hitherto has not apparently taught Mr. GLADSTONE caution. But that failure has doubtless combined with other things to produce the state of irritation which, in its turn, helped Mr. GLADSTONE to fall into the trap, wittingly or unwittingly, laid for him by Dr. CAMERON. His assent to the inquiry whether a day would be given for a vote of censure may be considered as indicating Mr. GLADSTONE's disposition to fight the Opposition if he but could. The satisfaction of enjoying that defiant attitude did not last long—no longer, in fact, than was required by Mr. BALFOUR for the inquiry whether, in that case, Mr. GLADSTONE would give Monday night for a vote of censure. So soon as the challenge was taken up Mr. GLADSTONE backed out. The snapping and peremptory form of his words did not conceal the fact that he had shrunk from meeting the vote. Of this also it may be said that it was consistent with the conduct of the Ministry from the beginning of the Session—which has been defiance first and surrender afterwards. It is for Mr. GLADSTONE's followers to settle with Mr. GLADSTONE; for the Opposition there is the moral, that when the defiance is held very cheap, the surrender will speedily follow.

SONGS FOR SOLDIERS.

A CONTROVERSY which has lately been carried on in the German military papers will surprise many who are unacquainted with the emotional side of the Teutonic character. The all-conquering legions of the young Kaiser are usually credited with an intense industry, a stern sense of duty, and a complete thoroughness which does not allow even the most minute detail of drill or training to be overlooked. Their successes in the past have been with justice attributed to skilful organization, and a practical regard to what the necessities of war always demand. Yet was there another powerful factor in the matter which went perhaps further in developing and preserving discipline, in encouraging self-sacrifice and self-denial, in making soldiers out of peasants, than the most carefully elaborated mobilization schemes or manuals of field exercises could have brought about. Every means to appeal to the patriotism and self-respect of the men was made the most of, and the value of the moral force, without which the most exactly drilled men with muskets will be found lacking in the moment of extremity, was recognized even as their physical and technical needs were held in view. Round the camp fires in France and Bohemia the swelling choruses that had been sung during the great wars of deliverance, as they are termed, at the commencement were joined in by the descendants of the early heroes. The railway carriages packed with men for the front resounded, too, not with vainglorious chants, or the popular snatches of the hour, but with the fine verses, deeply tinged with religious fervour, that educated men can still delight in as pure poetry. The song-books which contained these songs, together with hymns for Sunday use, were, and still are, articles of every man's field equipment, and were served out to every reservist on mobilization, just as were his rifle and ammunition. The first paragraph of the little book contains the following address:—"This book is given to you, the men who form the national army, so that your faith may be strengthened by studying the songs and prayers which it contains, both privately and in public. So that in times of health or of sickness, in peace or in war, you may become filled with the spirit of humility and self-control, with self-denial and fidelity, with patience, with hope, and with regard for your fellow-men. It is intended to provide you with a spiritual equipment. Bind it to you tighter and tighter still. It will give strength in battle, and honour in victory." Such an appeal touches the very best instincts of soldiers, and an indignant chaplain in the German service asks whether his men can dispense with it now any more than formerly. For some unimaginative scoffer has discovered that the weight of this same article of equipment is exactly 100 grammes, and is of opinion, publicly announced, that food for the stomach is of more consequence to men campaigning than that for the mind. The paper bullets of the brain never won victories, and should make way for those of lead. Our forefathers, he says, who conquered the tyrant Napoleon in the end, were as religiously minded as are we, and were able to sing "Nun danket alle Gott" after a victorious battle without reference to a book.

Now here it is to be noted that the critic has given himself away, for the upholder of the song-book has instituted inquiries, and has established on unimpeachable authority the fact that from 1813 to 1815 the rank and file of the Prussian army were provided with a collection of songs and hymns, and moreover that when the little book was not taken with them into the field, the need for it was so greatly felt, that a selection from it was ordered to be printed on a sheet of paper for each man. We have, in fact, clear proof that the want of such a book was actually felt, and that steps were taken during the progress of the fighting to make it good. Moreover, further researches revealed even more interesting details. During the armistice of June 1813 General von Bülow, commanding the 3rd Prussian Corps, seized the opportunity to have a little song-book compiled by two of the chaplains with his force, and a month later the verses were in print, and were issued to the men under his command. The example thus set was eagerly followed, and the demand in the army became so urgent, that a second edition containing many thousand copies was brought out in August, and was greedily taken up by the other corps, amongst the rest we note by that one commanded by stout old Blücher, a man not usually credited with any superfluous regard for sentimental considerations. There is excellent evidence, therefore, that the experience of actual fighting showed the need for song-books, and that those which were left behind at

home had subsequently to be made good. The moral factor in war cannot, indeed, ever be disregarded, and it requires something approaching the confidence of smug nineteenth-century *doctrinaires* to hint that it is possible to do so. Victories are not, even in these scientific and prosaic days, entirely a matter of armament, and there is a confidence more valuable than even a small-bore magazine rifle can inspire. It is, of course, absolutely undeniable that singing will not drive away your enemy, and there are no mathematical data to prove how far along the line of march a good patriotic chorus will carry a battalion. It is, nevertheless, quite an absolute certainty that such stirring harangues as Napoleon knew how to rouse his men with went a long way towards developing the *élan* which distinguished their onset. And the careful manner in which the old battle-cries were selected would, we should have thought, have convinced the most unromantic scoffer that there was something substantial about them, even though it cannot be demonstrated that they weighed even the hundredth part of a gramme.

The German chaplain also maintains that, although soldiers may know a few lines of their popular war-songs, they never get beyond the first verse without prompting, and there is a monotony, therefore, about their performances when they "have left their music at home." Neither is it impossible that a large percentage of the men would solace the fatigues and privations of their bivouacs by reading verses "old-fashioned but choicely good." It is admitted that his pipe is an invaluable friend to the soldier on such occasions. Why not, then, a companion that will add the charm of conversation to the tobacco, and give a man something to think of besides the countersign or the hour when the commissariat waggons will make their appearance? Lord Tennyson had a thousand copies of his "Charge of the Light Brigade" printed and circulated amongst our men in the trenches before Sebastopol, and so eagerly was his gift appreciated that, had the number been ten times greater, many would have remained unsatisfied. Was his contribution towards their comfort and happiness not valued by the soldiers as were the bales of warm clothing and the medical comforts in the hospitals? Assuredly it was, and the grateful letters of thanks which returned to the poet were the evidences that it was so. Of the spirit which animated the German armies in 1870 we have a proof in the lately published reminiscences of a looker-on. "I was in Germany," he says, "when war was declared. The exigencies of mobilization had revolutionized the railway service, and every train was packed full of armed men. I was compelled, therefore, to travel by road, and set out for Würtemberg, from whence I hoped to find railway lines unencumbered to take me home. Something went wrong when we reached Ulm, and we found ourselves compelled to remain there for an hour. The heat was oppressive. I eagerly grasped the chance of stretching my legs and getting a breath of fresh air, and left my carriage to saunter on the cool, shady side of the public square. Then a distant murmur caught my ear, swelling and subsiding in solemn and plaintive strains upon the breeze. It grew fuller and louder by degrees, until I could recognize the notes of one of Luther's mighty chaunts, and the sonorous chorus struck me as most impressive, and moved me strongly. At length I saw a regiment approaching, every man singing as he strode along. It was on its way to the citadel of the town. Surely, I said to myself, this nation which sends its soldiers to battle singing a solemn psalm like this can hardly fail to emerge victorious from the struggle before it." Similar incidents have been noted by almost all writers on the campaign of 1870, and one of our general officers has described how he saw, or rather heard, the German infantry burst out into that most pathetic of war songs, "Der Gute Kamerad," when under the fire of the French batteries. On the other hand, we have had much testimony of the different spirit which animated the Frenchmen on their way to meet the foe. Discipline was lax, or did not exist at all, and the "Marseillaise" was the only approach to a national anthem that resounded in the railway carriages. Ribald snatches from the *cafés chantants* were more in favour, and vainglorious boasts and shouts were relied on to rouse and sustain enthusiasm. When in the hour of disaster these had been exchanged for the inevitable cry of "treason," there was nothing left with which to fan resolution, except the offer of vengeance. The chaplain certainly seems to us to have the best of the argument, and the weight of 100 grammes

is well balanced by words which will go far to hold men together in the hour of trial.

We call attention to the subject because, in an age in which materialism seems to predominate, and threatens to grow to still more dangerous proportions, there is a tendency to disregard the human element in war. The progress made in the art of destruction and the perfection arrived at in its machinery tend to make people regard weapons rather than men, and imagine that shooting machines may be substituted for the flesh and blood that pulls a trigger. Yet it is not an exaggeration to say that, within certain limits (as, for example, when bows and arrows have been pitted against powder and lead), no great conquests have been achieved by weapons alone, or even principally by them. It will be said that the needle-gun won the Seven Weeks' War. Certainly it had much to do with the result; but, even in this most extreme case, organization and military foresight were at least as potent factors. On the other hand, the needle-gun was a mere popgun compared with the Chassepôt, and the Peabody-Martini of the Turks was infinitely superior to the Russian Krnk in 1877. Drill and training, no doubt, have had much to say with the results of battles. What, however, is drill but a means of inculcating discipline? Little more truly, and yet invaluable as such; and what is discipline but self-abnegation? Where it is more it merges into tactics, and if the tactics it renders possible are sound, that shows that they are the outcome of a keen observation and of military genius. And it is wellnigh impossible to place limits to what genius may achieve. Frederick valued drill, and developed it almost to a pedantic degree of nicety; but that was because immense precision was essential to the success of his peculiar tactics. It was, therefore, rather military genius than either drill or iron ramrods that won his campaigns. Napoleon valued and studied details of armament, of drill, or of equipment closely. But who attached more importance to the moral factor in the matter than did he, who ever succeeded in gaining the love and devotion of those he led more effectually, and who, therefore, ever got more out of them? It is refreshing to find the most matter-of-fact and hard-headed students of war on the Continent still addressing themselves to the task of strengthening the moral nature of their hosts. Long may the old war songs cheer the bivouac and weary miles of road, and may there be singers in the future to celebrate the deeds they inspire to.

TRIMMINGS.

TRIMMINGS are not so much consequences as sequels.

They are often decadences. They sometimes represent some lapse from use, and are rudimentary in an inverted and lifeless sense. But more usually they have not even this connexion with vitality. They are abundant, not with the abundance of natural things, which can never connect itself with the lack of money value; but they are abundant after a manner that inevitably implies some kind of relative cheapness. They are related to the grossest form of appraisement. In their largest abundance there is poverty, in their greatest emphasis there is weakness. They are the antithesis of the unique. They follow and resemble each other. If the days of a blue summer, or the faces of a flock of sheep, or the peas in a pod were quite as much like one another as are the yards of a "ruche," then nature might be charged with folly. Trimmings can be read backwards. They resemble the copies of a free quill-pen flourish that are begun from the end. They are deliberate, but not inventive. Nailed with tacks into the substance of the limbs of the non-undressable doll, they look fitter for their place than sewn upon the outskirts of the dressable woman. And trimmings belong to restorations. The Society for the Preservation of Ancient Buildings must be consciously or unconsciously convinced that the careful crocketings "of the period," the archaeological piercings, the resolute machicolations, and other triumphant reproductions, against which they made war, are really and in a true and subtle sense trimmings.

Appropriately enough, therefore, it is by a restoration that trimmings have returned, trivially and tiresomely, to the dress of woman. The word itself had almost lapsed from use until the fantastic 1830 fancy brought it back. For many a year it had ceased to form part of the

vocabulary of vanity. Until this irresponsible return to what had been deliberately renounced of the modes of dress of a stupid period, woman had foregone the trimming proper—the repeated bow, the equidistant ribbon, the gathering up at stated intervals, the rows of velvet industriously but aimlessly sewn on, and—most distinctive of all—the “ruche” with its silly device for multiplying quantities. To display the absurd symmetries of such trimmings a certain expanse of surface is necessary, and thus their return brings with it the increased petticoat, introduced for this most foolish of reasons. The silly tiers and the sillier festoons need an arbitrary system and design of their own now that they have begun once more to interrupt all the continuities and carve in pieces the design and form of dress. A lining, a border, a crest, a ruffle of lace—these are not in the exact and condemnatory sense trimmings. The odious word is applicable to the entirely unstructural only. And never did builder betray a more perfect lack of structural sense in his London porticos (trimmings), or an upholsterer in his “cornices” (trimmings), than does the *modiste* with her galloon and loops and bonnet-ribbon. A man, accordingly, ordering a house is not content that the builder should design it; but woman ordering a dress is content that the builder should design it, unguided by the educated thought of an artist. And this common fact is more than enough to account for the less than noble look of the contemporary woman, however well turned out. Her attire has every beauty of workmanship, but no dignity of invention. It is put on with grace, and it has material. It has also, of course, the inimitable spirit of fashion, a spirit of which the essence is brevity, and which has, therefore, much of wit—the quickness, at least of a retort, at least the surprise of an epigram, at least the departure of a laugh; the spirit of fashion that by becoming stale would cease to be—and of what else in the world can so happy a thing be said? But, having this in spite of the weariness of trimmings, contemporary dress would have it more gaily without them.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE withdrawals from the French Savings Banks are becoming so serious that they are exciting very general apprehension. In the first two months of the year they exceeded the receipts by somewhat more than 4 millions sterling, and in the first ten days of the present month they exceeded the receipts by considerably over a million sterling, so that in two months and ten days the withdrawals exceeded the payments into the Savings Banks by about 5½ millions sterling. Large as the sum is, relatively it is small. The total deposits in the French Savings Banks are not very far short of 160 millions sterling, so that the withdrawals so far are only about 3 per cent. of the total. But while that is true, the withdrawals are absolutely very large, and if they continue much longer upon the same scale, they will have a very serious effect, not only upon every branch of business in France, but probably also upon politics. For very many years the payments into the Savings Banks immensely exceeded the withdrawals. Partly, no doubt, this was due to the very high rate of interest allowed by the Government. In August of this year the Four and a Half per Cents become redeemable, and the French Government has been looking forward to that time, in the hope that it would be able to convert that large portion of its debt, and so effect a very important saving in its expenditure. With that object in view, the Finance Minister paid unduly high rates of interest, so attracting deposits into the Savings Banks, and employing the money in buying Three per Cent. Rentes in the market, with the result that a little while ago the Three per Cents went above par. Had the same policy continued and politics remained smooth, there is little doubt that the Four and a Half could be converted possibly into Three per Cents immediately—at all events into Three per Cents by one or two steps. An immediate large saving would have been effected, and ultimately a very important one. But the Panama scandals seem to have convinced the Government that Conversion this year is out of the question; at all events, since the fall of M. Rouvier the interest allowed upon deposits in the Savings Banks has been reduced. No doubt the reduction has induced some depositors to withdraw their money; but it is difficult to believe that

it can have led to withdrawals on the immense scale pointed out above. It is greatly to be feared that the Panama disclosures are mainly responsible for the withdrawals. At all events, that is the general impression at home and abroad; and if the impression is correct, then the withdrawals have a very serious significance. They show that the scare which was caused in Paris when those scandals were first brought to light has filtered down through the population, and that it has now reached the humblest classes; that it has caused distrust, not merely of the existing Administration, but of the Republic itself; and that the depositors in the Savings Banks, therefore, are not content to leave their money with the public authorities. Of course, it is possible that those who are withdrawing the deposits constitute only a very small part of the saving classes in France, and that they are either exceptionally ignorant or specially under the influence of those who wish to get up a demonstration against the Republic; and the fact that the withdrawals were not as large in the second ten days of this month as in the first ten lends colour to that view. If that be so, the withdrawals will soon come to an end, and the loyal portion of the population will continue to deposit as they did before. On the other hand, if the distrust is general, the matter is exceedingly serious. Up to the present the Government has been able to pay the money demanded from it almost entirely by borrowing from the Bank of France, by selling Treasury bills to the great railway Companies, and by drawing upon its balance at the Bank of France. In other words, it has not had to sell Rentes on a great scale. But if the withdrawals continue, it will either have to borrow from the Bank of France so immense a sum that the Bank will again have to be authorized to increase its note issue, or else it will have to sell very large amounts of Rentes. Very seriously to borrow from the Bank of France would be too imprudent. It would raise rates against the general public, and it would place the Bank in an unsafe position. It would be much better, therefore, to sell Rentes. But if Rentes have to be sold on a great scale, there will be a serious fall in the price. The investing classes will grow alarmed, the distrust that exists will be intensified, and it is possible that there may be trouble upon the Bourse. All that would react upon political opinion. People would say that the withdrawals were themselves evidence of a dangerous state of the public mind, while the selling of Rentes and the fall in prices on the Bourse would be likely to increase, not merely apprehension, but also political dissatisfaction. From every point of view, then, the matter is of the very greatest importance, and is deserving the attention of political students as well as of economists and men of business.

The withdrawals from the French Savings Banks have not as yet affected either the money or the stock markets in Paris, and in New York also the money market has become somewhat quieter. Apparently the withdrawals of deposits for the Interior are somewhat slackening, while the stock of gold in the Treasury is increasing. Therefore, the expectation is growing here that we are about to enter upon a period of very cheap money; and the rate of discount in the open market is little better than 1½ per cent. For the moment, as is usual at the approach of the end of the quarter, there is a strong demand for short loans. Applications have again had to be made this week to the Bank of England, where 2½ per cent. has been paid; and in the open market the rate of interest ranges from 2 to 2½ per cent. But that is a temporary movement; and, if everything goes smoothly, rates will decline in a couple of weeks. But those who are engaged in the market will do well to remember that an accident at any moment may compel President Cleveland to sell bonds in London for the purpose of taking gold; and likewise that, if the withdrawals from the French Savings Banks continue on a large scale, there may be disturbance in the Paris money market. It will not be wise, therefore, to count too confidently upon very cheap money in the early future.

The price of silver fell on Wednesday to 37½^d. per oz., the lowest quotation ever recorded, but recovered next day to 37¾^d. per oz. The immediate cause of the fall was a telegram from Calcutta to the effect that the India Council will require during the year beginning on the 1st of April to increase very largely its drawings. That, however, was merely the occasion for the decline; a fall in silver was inevitable under any circumstances. For a few months past there has been an active demand for the metal for India;

but that demand is now nearly satisfied, and it appears clear that the exports of wheat from India this year will be small, as the wheat crop has turned out much less satisfactory than had been hoped for. Besides, nobody knows what may happen in the United States, and in the present uncertainty a fall in the price of silver was certain to come whether the India Council decreased or increased its drawings. The fall, of course, seriously affects Indian finance; but it is hoped that every one has been so long forewarned of what was coming that no serious trouble will be caused in the Eastern trade. The India Council attempted to check the decline by refusing on Wednesday to sell its bills lower than 1s. 2½d. per rupee, but its action had little influence on the market.

There has been a somewhat more hopeful spirit on the Stock Exchange this week in spite of all the apprehension and uncertainty that exists. It is thought now that for some time, at all events, the United States Government will not need to raise a large loan for the purpose of getting gold, and that, therefore, the crisis will be postponed, at any rate, for a while. In the Eastern trade it is believed that complete preparations have been made against all contingencies. There has likewise been a decided improvement in Melbourne. The Government and the Associated Banks having combined to give assistance to all the institutions in trouble, the run has greatly abated, and there is a decidedly better feeling. On the Continent the great banks are exerting themselves to the utmost to support quotations. The Austrian Government is so much encouraged by the success of its recent gold loan that it is preparing to issue a second instalment, and everything is being done to ensure its success both in Austria and in Germany. In France, too, it is hoped that the withdrawals from the Savings Banks will now steadily decrease, and that confidence will gradually revive. In Spain preparations are being made for raising a considerable internal loan. Even in the Argentine market there is a better feeling, and it is now thought probable that a settlement of the debt will be arranged in the course of the present year. Actual negotiations have not yet begun; but the great financial houses are consulting together, and the Argentine Government is evincing a more equitable spirit. In spite of all this, however, distrust and uncertainty continue. Business is exceedingly slack, and at any moment there may be a complete change. We would repeat, then, the advice we have so often given to investors—that they should exercise great caution; that they should bear in mind, in the first place, that nobody can foresee what may happen in the United States, and it is better, therefore, to keep out of the American market for the time being. Further, that any great trouble in the United States would affect the securities of all silver-using countries. And, lastly, that the Australian banking crisis is not yet at an end.

According to the Indian Budget statement made in Calcutta on Thursday the current year will close with a probable deficit of Rx1,080,000—Rx representing 10 rupees. For the new year the revenue is estimated at Rx90,006,000, and the expenditure at Rx91,600,000, leaving a deficit of Rx1,595,000. There is to be a loan in India for public works, amounting to three crores of rupees, and a sterling loan here of 1,300,000, to pay off railway debentures falling due. About 18½ millions sterling is the sum the India Council will have to raise by the sale of bills and telegraphic transfers. It is estimated that the average exchange for the year will be 1s. 2¾d. per rupee.

Consols closed on Thursday afternoon at 98½, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of ½. Indian Sterling Threes closed at 99, a rise of ¾; but Rupee-paper closed at 63½, a fall of ¾. In the Home Railway market South-Eastern Ordinary closed at 120, a rise of 2; South-Eastern "A" closed at 78, also a rise of 2; Lancashire and Yorkshire closed at 107, a rise of 1½; and North-Eastern Consols closed at 156½, a rise of ¾. In the American market Erie Preference shares closed on Thursday at 54½, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 3½; and the Second Mortgage bonds closed at 97½, a fall of 4½. On the other hand, New York Central shares, which fell so heavily last week on the announcement that the capital was to be increased, have recovered this week. They closed on Thursday at 109½, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of 2. Argentine Railway stocks are generally lower. Buenos Ayres Great Southern Ordinary

closed on Thursday at 118-120, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 1; Central Argentine closed at 70, a fall of 1½; and Buenos Ayres and Rosario Ordinary closed at 76-8, a fall of 3. On the other hand, the Funding Loan closed at 69½, a rise of ¾. In the international market quotations have generally moved upwards. Greek bonds of '81 closed on Thursday at 74½, a rise of as much as 3½; Portuguese closed at 22½, a rise of ¾; and Spanish closed at 65½, a rise of 1½.

THE FRENCH NATIONAL GALLERIES.

THE death of M. Jules Ferry is a most unfortunate event for the Parisian art world. Twenty years ago, when it had begun to dawn on those responsible for the museums and picture galleries of France that their artistic supremacy was being threatened on many sides, M. Bardoux and M. Ferry took up their cause, pointing out in several speeches that France, though still far ahead of other nations, was standing still, and that her national galleries, especially the Louvre, were in a very parlous state. Some years later, in 1878, M. Bardoux, at that time a Minister, proposed to establish an endowment fund for them; and in 1880 M. Ferry, then President of the Council, proposed that such a fund should be formed by the sale of the Crown jewels. This was approved by the Commission of the Budget and sanctioned by a vote of the Chamber; but the prorogation of the Chambers prevented it from being brought before the Senate. Next Session a Commission was appointed to decide how the money obtained by the jewel sale should be spent, and they reported in favour of a "Caisse des Invalides du Travail"—the prototype of a recent craze of our own by which the mis-named "working" man is to live on other people's money for the last as well as the first fifteen years of his life. There was, however, such a large minority report in favour of the galleries that in the end the Commission proposed a division of the money between the two schemes, which proposal the Chamber rejected by 247 votes to 191. In the meantime another Commission appointed by the Senate under M. Hébrard to decide the same question had rejected both proposals (French Commissions usually work like this; we commend the result of their multiplication to the notice of English electors), and had advised the application of the money to the development of French industries. In 1887 the jewels were sold; and the extravagant popular idea of their value received a rude shock, the total proceeds of the sale being only 7,700,000 francs. It was obvious that neither kudos nor kerdos was to be gained by applying a sum of 225,000 francs a year to the development of industries; while as regards the other plan it seemed probable that an embarrassing recrudescence of vitality would show itself among the "Invalides du Travail" in the rush for such a very limited amount of spoil. M. Hébrard, who had been converted to M. Ferry's views, pointed out too that the jewels had always been recognized as part of the public collections, and that the proceeds of their sale belonged almost of right to the national museums.

The Council of the Ecole des Beaux Arts have accordingly prepared a scheme for such an application of the money, and their proposals are tolerably certain in the end to be adopted. No one can deny that a large increase of expenditure is necessary if the Paris galleries are to maintain their pre-eminent position in Europe. During the last twenty years the national museums both of England and Germany have been filling more than twice as fast as those of France. M. Fidière, in a recent report on the English museums, explains that we are spending 1,361,250 francs a year on them, as against 720,550 francs spent in Germany and 237,000 in France. This latter figure is as inclusive as the others, and shows in its particulars that only 162,000 francs a year are spent on the four great galleries of the Louvre, the Luxembourg, Versailles, and St. Germain. Yet the Louvre has six departments, each in itself a complete museum; it has to compete at sales with wealthy amateurs and foreign galleries; while bronzes, terra-cottas, and other antiques are becoming more expensive every year as the laws against their export increase in rigour. Money, too, has to be spent on excavations, conferences, catalogues, and an indefinite number of minor matters for which extraordinary grants are very rarely given. The catalogues, which since the days of

Villot and Longperier have been models of clearness and research, are published too seldom; and the monthly review, which is called the official organ of the Louvre, is the result of private enterprise.

The Luxembourg Gallery is better off. It is helped by an annual donation from the Beaux Arts and has first choice of the pictures bought by the State at the Salon. Artists who get really good offers for their pictures before the Salon opens frequently delay acceptance on the chance of their picture being bought for the Luxembourg; and this gallery receives an unusual number of private gifts. M. Léonce Benedite complains, indeed, that this tends to stereotype the gallery, the same artists reserving their pictures, and the choice of kind outside friends being apt to run in a somewhat narrow groove; but we cannot help thinking that this complaint is somewhat factitious. It is true that the more popular pictures of new artists do not appear in the Luxembourg; but is this a defect? A more real grievance is the inability of the Directors to buy good pictures at private sales in Paris. The story of the Luxembourg Directors who sent their agent to bid for Millet's "Angelus," giving him 10,000 francs with instructions "not to bid rashly," is a joke which will never be forgotten. The Versailles Gallery is, on the other hand, quite neglected by modern patrons, and has almost as many gaps as the Louvre. This is a pity, as its fine collection of sixteenth-, seventeenth-, and eighteenth-century portraits ought to be completed and brought down to a more recent date.

This project now before the Government for the endowment of national museums comprises, however, all the State museums—i.e. it includes the museums of Cluny, Sévres, Guimet, and Gobelins, and those attached to the Bibliothèque Nationale, with the four big museums. Moreover, it includes the public galleries of all towns and departments in France; a very serious matter, as these galleries (now for the most part filled by local genius and occasional presents from the Luxembourg) are more than three hundred in number, and their claims would be extremely embarrassing.

M. Benedite and many of his friends are in favour of an entrance fee being imposed, and we believe that the Government are now considering the possibility of charging such a fee on three or four days in the week. M. Ollendorf estimates that this would produce 10,000 francs a week for every day on which the fee was imposed; but it is hard to guess how he makes this calculation, as the Luxembourg Gallery is the only one where the number of visitors is registered. We can assure M. Ollendorf that the ease of the London galleries is not by any means in favour of his argument. The 6d. fee at the National Gallery on Thursdays and Fridays was imposed very unwillingly at the request of the students, who thought that the public, if admitted on those days, would buy their pictures. On these two days in 1890 the fees, however, only amounted to 1,045*l.*, and in 1891 to 1,120*l.* This year they have fallen again to 1,050*l.*, and we regret to see from the yearly Report of the National Gallery that there is also a considerable falling off in the attendance on ordinary days. M. Benedite is anxious to keep the regulation of this entrance fee in the hands of the Council of eleven members who will manage the endowment fund, in order that they may make liberal exceptions in favour of foreigners and other visitors to Paris, and may remove and reimpose the fee at will. This plan, which is merely a repetition of the confused restrictions and exceptions in force forty years ago, will have a very brief life.

THE BOAT-RACE OF 1893.

THE ever-green popularity of the University Boat-race is in many ways an extraordinary fact. To the cynic it is probably a singularly vivid instance of the difficulty of driving an idea into the heads of "The People," and as such a standing argument against, for example, an extended franchise. For, in the first place, it usually rains at the Boat-race, and, if it doesn't rain, it is cold. For March is not at all the month for outdoor festivities in England, and, lastly, the average spectator sees very little. We have heard people declare during the torrents of rain that bring in an English July that Henley Regatta itself is a proof, if proof were needed, of the undying stupidity of the English nation. For it pours with the utmost regularity year after year at the Royal regatta, and still the world

throng to see it. But at the Boat-race it not only rains, it occasionally snows. And yet some hundreds of thousands of people line the banks of the river on that day with unfailing enthusiasm, and no amount of bitter experiences in the past avails to keep them away. What it is they go out for to see is more difficult to discover. Certainly not the race. Not one man in a thousand can catch a glimpse of that, and as that one man only sees, perhaps, a thousandth part of the race, the fraction of "sport" that falls to the lot of the average spectator to reward him for his trouble in going down to Hammersmith is represented by a pretty long decimal. A few favoured capitalists by the expenditure of half-a-guinea see a fair amount of the course from Barnes Bridge, the "Grand Stand," so to speak, of the Putney to Mortlake course. A certain number, only a few hundreds in all, get places on the four steamers which follow the race at a respectful distance, and these are supposed to see all there is to be seen of the great event. But the distance is often so extremely respectful that even the experts presumed to be assembled on the Press boat and admittedly thronging the "Umpire's boat" not unfrequently behold the finish from a range of not less than half a mile. The Umpire's boat, by the way, must not be confounded by the unwary with the Umpire's launch. It is merely the name for the steamer set apart for the use of Old Blues, and the enthusiasm that reigns on board it is as little suggestive of the judicial calm of umpiring as anything that can well be imagined. From all which it appears that Boat-race Day is not an occasion on which one can hope to see much racing, and it is, as a rule, a day on which one can hope to gather an extremely violent cold. And yet great sacrifices are demanded of the multitude who go to see it. It is all very well for the people who merely have to stroll down to Temple Pier or "the Old Swan," and step on board a steamer. For them the race is made easy. For the majority the mere getting to Putney, or Hammersmith, or Barnes is so detestable that it might well deter all but the stoutest hearts. The trains carry on an average sixteen persons to a compartment, irrespective of class. The omnibuses treble their fares, and are still hopelessly overloaded. The Boat-race, in fact, like a great many excellent institutions, is changing its character. It began as an amateur sporting event. It continues—shall we say?—because it is good for trade. If it were not for this, we fear it would not be allowed much longer to block the traffic on an important reach of the river, derange the Metropolitan and District Railway systems, and tempt artisans from the important pursuit of their avocations to throng the towing-path and make the suburbs between Putney and Mortlake intolerable to live in. But the railway Companies make money by it, and the omnibus Companies make money by it. The drapers sell blue ribbon, and the denizens of Hammersmith and Chiswick let out seats on their lawns and standing places on their roofs. So every one agrees to bear it once a year and look pleased. Even the unconnected branches of commerce utilize the occasion for novel methods of advertising. Altogether commerce is very much to the fore on Boat-race Day.

From the record of the crews during the previous ten days, this year's race appeared to promise an easy win for Oxford. Their "form" was certainly much superior, and although there was some talk of their boat not carrying them well, their pace also, so far as it was possible to judge, was better. Great things, indeed, were hoped from the Cambridge new "Clasper" which Mr. Lehmann had presented to his University; but a boat cannot do everything, and the short scratchy stroke of the crew did not promise well for the long four-mile course. Both this year and last Cambridge have shown a tendency to neglect "form," and exchange the long swinging stroke which orthodox theorists prescribe for a long race for the shorter and more jerky style, which one or two metropolitan crews have found lately to be successful at Henley. Of course it may be fairly urged that pace is the great desideratum in racing, and that if a jerky style is found to produce greater speed, "form" must go to the wall. But it would be a pity, none the less, if the old style had to be given up. It is certainly prettier, it is more uniform, and would appear to be more scientific. The Varsity Oars of an older day declare sometimes that "form" became a thing of the past when once the hated "slide" was introduced; but we in this generation cannot admit that. Rowing on a slide, with a long steady stroke and plenty of swing, is still beautiful as a display of form, and both this year's Oxford crew and

last year's have shown it us at its best. But the short scratchy stroke, coupled with a curious disregard of rhythm, an uneven feather, and eight oars all finishing at different times, certainly does not make a pretty crew, and we cannot believe it is productive of pace either in a course of any length. Nor did the result of the race on Wednesday last tend to support in any way the revolt against "form." Oxford rowed a slower stroke throughout the race than their opponents, and yet appeared to hold them fairly easily from post to finish, and the win by a couple of lengths certainly does not represent accurately the relative pace of the crews. The winners were never sufficiently pressed after the first quarter of a mile to make them put out their full strength, and no spurting was required to secure the victory. The "record" time—18 minutes 47 seconds—must be attributed in part, at least, to the strength of the tide. But, indeed, the Boat-race very seldom results in a hollow victory, from the onlooker's point of view. It is usually only a question of a length or two between the boats, even when one is markedly superior to the other. A merciful stroke is merciful to his crew, and providing he can keep a fair lead, does not care to increase it unduly by unnecessary spurting. For it must be remembered that every spurt is at the risk of an oar, and that even the Ayling button cannot prevent the possibility of a mishap. Every one will remember the race in 1887, in which Maclean's oar broke when Oxford was leading by a length, and robbed them of their victory. If a crew can win at a slow steady stroke, it is not well to hurry them merely to increase your lead.

The particulars of the race itself may be summed up as follows. After the usual tedious difficulty of getting the boats in position, and the usual false start, the crews were got away. Cambridge had the best of the start, and led by a quarter of a length in the first two hundred yards. Then the Oxford crew settled to their work, and began to lead. This they continued to do up to Hammersmith, despite of having the worst of the curve at this part of the race, and being, at one point, somewhat erratically steered. Continuing their long, steady stroke, Oxford increased their lead from a quarter of a length to a length a little after Hammersmith, and that lead they managed to keep, practically without diminution, despite more than one vigorous and plucky spurt of Cambridge, to the end, ultimately winning by about two lengths and a half. It was a perfect day for racing, warm and sunny, with the wind due East, so that there was no advantage in either station. The crowd was immense on the river banks. Every place from which any view could be obtained, whether house roof or church tower, was occupied. It is the custom to say each year that the crowd on the towing-path was the greatest ever known, so let it stand at that. Anyhow it was a most impressive sight, and as the crews neared the finish, the sea of faces on the banks, the mass of boats lining the banks, and the broad band of gold from the afternoon sun glorifying the river, made a delightful spectacle. It had been feared that the alterations at Barnes Bridge which the South-Western Railway are carrying out might interfere with the course, but saving for the "Umpire" steamer, which was crowded out at this point, no one was inconvenienced. To have to shut off steam at such a critical point of the race, and fall behind to avoid colliding with a railway bridge, may be admitted to be irritating, but as a whole the lot of the steamers this year was very much more satisfactory than last year. They steered better, and therefore collided less. Therefore they kept up more successfully with the race, and were rarely more than, say, four times their proper distance behind, instead of the handsome interval of half a mile which was allowed last year between the representatives of the Press and the quarry they pursued. It is, however, a pity that something more rapid cannot be obtained for following the Boat-race. Even at the greatly reduced distance this year, accurate judging was next door to impossible, and the win might have been anything between a length and two lengths as far as could be seen from the Press boat. Fortunately the outside world has not to rely on the field-glasses of the Press for the distance at the finish. Mr. Fenner was to the fore this year as last to judge, so that two lengths more or less may be relied upon as a fairly accurate estimate.

NUNC DIMITTIS.

[“I heartily thank the Irish members for their kind words. The epithet ‘faithful’ by which they are pleased to describe my labours, is that which I covet pre-eminently, and, indeed, alone.”—*Mr. Gladstone to Mr. McCarthy.*]

“THEY might have called me ‘eloquent,’
They might have called me ‘sage,’

A ‘legislator Heaven-sent,’
A ‘wonder of the age’;

“A ‘master of Homeric lore,’
A ‘statesman, scholar, saint’;
Yet had my pride been then no more
Than—relatively—faint.

“But, blessings on their heads! they chose
A sweeter, tenderer word,
By me unboundedly to those
That I have used preferred.

“They called my labours ‘faithful’! Yes!
And I that praise obtain
Which, all my life with eagerness,
I’ve sought—but sought in vain.

“The world has called me ‘eloquent,’
My friends have called me ‘sage’;
Even to foes I represent
A ‘wonder of the age.’

“‘Statesman of leading and of light,’
There are who style me so;
‘Profound,’ ‘accomplished,’ ‘erudite’;
All these: but ‘faithful’—no!

“That epithet, the cherished aim
Of many a longing vow,
That highly honourable name,
I never won till now.

“Not thus, not thus, you find me styled,
Though careful be your search
(And I her still devoted child),
By my dear Mother Church.

“Not this his name for me whom I
Left aidless in Khartoum;
Not this the name they know me by,
The dead of Potchefstroom.

“Not this do Unionists repeat
As my description fit;
Not thus accosted shall I meet
The blackguard shade of Pitt.

“No! from no party in the State
With whom I’ve had to do
This tribute has it been my fate
To win, except from you.

“But to *your* service pledged and bound,
I have redeemed my past;
My day of recompense comes round,
I earn my wage at last.

“And now that Heaven has deigned to grant
The prize for which I pined,
My *Nunc Dimittis* I can chant
In perfect peace of mind.

“For ‘False to England’s every friend,’
My record now will close,
“He won the title ere his end
Of “faithful”—from her foes.”

REVIEWS.

MAN IN ART.*

EVERY one acquainted with Mr. Hamerton's writings on art, with which the attractive volume before us is connected by an artistic aim common to all, must be well aware of the far-reaching scope of the author's studies, and the catholicity

* *Man in Art. Studies in Religious and Historical Art, Portrait, and Genre.* By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. London: Macmillan & Co.

of his method and of his taste. From æsthetic principles to style and technique, from past schools to modern, his criticism ranges, unfettered by the little dogmas of the hour—the creeds of coteries or of movements—yet distinguished by the personal note both in thought and expression. Unlike certain other works by Mr. Hamerton, however, *Man in Art* is in no sense a technical treatise. The illustrative plan of the book, exhibiting as it does the variety and excellences of the reproductive processes, might be described as technical, and is, moreover, both novel and important. But, in the main, the significance of the title is displayed in the illustrations and the brief comments upon them, and not in the series of eloquent essays on art and its functions which forms the text of the volume. The admirable chapters on "The Archæic Element in Sacred Art," on "Incompatibility between Realism and Religion," on "Protestantism in Religious Art," and on "The Effect of Unbelief on Religious Art" appear to be very slightly attached to the theme suggested by the title. And so is it with the majority of the essays. If it were reasonable to hope that the last word could be said on the question of the young person and the study of the nude, we should say there was finality in the concluding pages of Mr. Hamerton's excellent fifth chapter. Mr. Hamerton discourses of many interesting matters, and he is as suggestive and eloquent and persuasive as ever; yet he is more discursive than he is wont to be, and less intent on the exposition of "Man in Art" than he might have been.

Whether the first man was the first artist, as some think, or whether the history of art may be as precisely defined as that of Rome, is a question suggested rather than discussed in Mr. Hamerton's comely volume. The title *Man in Art* appeals to the imagination. Art without man is inconceivable; yet "Man in Art" is an endless, fleeting abstraction. No doubt art had a beginning; yet "in the beginning" is a term of the vaguest import. What we possess of the most primitive art is precisely what should be expected of art in its infancy. The cave-man who drew the mammoth, or the primordial elk or buffalo, drew as a child draws, "as if his whole vocation were endless imitation." Hence, though the beginning is hid, "Man in Art" is equivalent to man's existence upon earth. Mr. Hamerton's scheme is scarcely so comprehensive. But there is no reason, on his own showing, why it should not have been carried out on a world-embracing scale. "The present work," he writes, in reference to his previous studies on art, "advances to the study of the art that deals with Man." We confess we do not grasp the peculiar specialized sense of Mr. Hamerton's reference, since art and man are one. Treating of "Rustic Life," for instance, the subject of the figure in landscape is naturally considered, though the importance of the figure—as a representation of man—in the greatest of landscapes is not the chief element in the painting. Clearly, then, Mr. Hamerton cannot have intended to limit the subject to the mere representation of man by artists. Indeed, he observes of the plan of the present volume:—"The title has been purposely left sufficiently comprehensive to permit reference to all the varieties of art in which man is represented"—a purpose which would include much primitive art, even if it left aside the early graphic essays of the cave-man. Mr. Hamerton notes one omission in his gallery of typical representations of man in art. There ought, he remarks, to have been one or two illustrations of fighting, since man is a fighting animal. Another omission strikes us as not less notable. Infancy, childhood, youth, maternity, strength, life, death—all these are subjects of illustration. Religion is fully represented. So are beauty, character, expression, and so forth, in portraiture and in sculpture. But of the genial, the cheerful, the sportive temper in man, we have no true illustration. The animal spirits are ignored. There is no village fair, or dancing, or skittles, or other scene of merriment from the Dutch masters; nothing, in short, but Mr. Murray's etching of the "Backgammon Players" of the younger Teniers, which cannot be accepted as a potent and satisfying illustration of man's animal spirits. Yet the more genial and convivial aspects of man and society have engaged the greatest artists. Where is there finer illustration of this side of human nature in art than in the works of Hogarth? One example would have sufficed, and Mr. Hamerton gives not one. Nor does he refer to Hogarth but once through the whole course of these Studies in Religious and Historical Art, Portrait, and Genre.

We are as little disposed as Mr. Hamerton to treat lightly costly publications on the fine arts, noble in illustrations, type, and paper. A beautiful book, like other forms of beauty, is an enduring delight. There would be no occasion to speak of "omissions" if they were not inevitably suggested by Mr. Hamerton's statement, which we have quoted, of the comprehensive scheme indicated in *Man in Art*. Readily do we admit that its value and attractiveness—its beauty, in short, as a work of artistic book-illustration—might not be enhanced in the

opinion of many competent judges by the substitution of a subject from Hogarth and a fine example of the battle-picture for two of the numerous drawings of sculpture Mr. Hamerton has preferred to select. But we are convinced that the theme "Man in Art" would have gained considerably in representative illustration by some substitution of the kind. The illustrations, to which we now pass, comprise a richly-varied series of subjects. There are altogether forty-six plates, in line-engraving, mezzotint, photogravure, hyalography, etching, and wood-engraving. With each example is given a note of comment, description, or criticism, and, in many instances, Mr. Hamerton's reasons for selection. Of the reproductive processes exemplified, the hyalography, invented by M. Dujardin, is the most novel and not the least successful. "A hyalograph," Mr. Hamerton explains, "is a drawing on glass—not common ground-glass, but dispolished for the purpose with a very fine and even grain. The instruments used are chiefly the lead-pencil, the stump, and a brush charged with more or less diluted Indian ink. The drawing is transferred by light to a sensitized etching-ground, though the camera is not employed and there can be no reduction." Hitherto the process had been used for scientific purposes; but Mr. Hamerton, who is hopeful for an enlarged sphere for it, thinks it may prove excellent for landscape effects, and intends experimenting in this direction. As a proof of faithful rendering of original drawing, he cites the hyalographs in this volume by three artists, whose "different idiosyncrasies are as strongly marked as if they had etched directly on the copper." This favourable estimate may be to some extent substantiated by comparing the drawings of the "Theseus" bust and of Rude's "Mercury," by M. de Roton, with Mr. Walenn's excellent drawing of an Egyptian bronze in the British Museum, and that of the beautiful bronze mask of Aphrodite, also in the Museum, by Mr. Macklin. Original line-engraving is represented by M. Didier's translation of Ary Scheffer's popular "St. Monica and St. Augustine," a new work of the engraver and a good example. The photographic processes are, of course, well exhibited by many of the plates, though the subjects selected in some instances seem to us not particularly illustrative of Mr. Hamerton's theme.

NOVELS.*

MR. ALGERNON GISSING has not, we think, done better work than his last novel, *Between Two Opinions*. The same keen perception of the beauty of English rural scenery gives to this as to his other books the charm of landscape-painting, while the human interest is more varied, better sustained, and more serious. The seriousness, indeed, rises at one point to tragedy; nevertheless the story is the reverse of gloomy. The author has touched it with pathos and tenderness, but never neglects the point of view of humour. While going deep into the primitive elements of humanity, he has wisely illustrated rather than philosophized about them, and the result is a very moving story. It is the old conflict of the ideal and the real, with a side-issue of contrast between rural and urban life. Mr. Edmund Rowe is conscious of the actual vacuity and boorishness of English peasant life, but convinced that it may be opened and lifted by the influence of men (and women) of light and leading. He takes a farm somewhat at random and proceeds to develop his theories. But Mr. Rowe had not sufficiently reckoned on the eternal feminine, and the eternal results follow; hence the tears, bitter-sweet. In contrast to the weak, amiable enthusiast Rowe are Roger Diall and Barbara Winnett, two delightful practical people. The situation between them is charmingly managed. They have been engaged ten years, have not seen each other for five, and have not means to marry. At last, wearied and dispirited, Roger writes to set Barbara free before all chances in life are over for her, and she in apathetic indifference agrees. This being settled, they have to meet on business matters, and in an instant, at the meeting of the eyes, they feel that life is nothing to either except in the other; the flood of joy sweeps away the years, the doubts, the scruples; they are young again, they are in love; the world is transformed, as to lovers it ever is,

* *Between Two Opinions*. By Algernon Gissing. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1893.

Rujub the Juggler. By G. A. Henty. 3 vols. London: Chatto & Windus. 1893.

The Sorceress. By Mrs. Oliphant. 3 vols. London: White & Co. 1893.

Keith Deramore. By the Author of "Miss Molly." London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1893.

Dr. Paul's Theory. A Romance. By Mrs. A. M. Diehl. Bristol: J. W. Arrowsmith; London: Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent, & Co.

Morris Julian's Wife. A Novel. By Elizabeth Olmsted. London: Hutchinson & Co. 1893.

and they never part again. Mr. Gissing writes excellently well about the bucolic folk, perhaps more faithfully than Mr. Hardy. He has, moreover, a peculiar, though scarcely affected style, suggesting occasionally Mr. Meredith deliberately lucid. It would seem mean to notice "it did not lay across the bed," but that the offence is rank, and smells to heaven; and Roger's aspiration, in the last sentence of the book, that they might all achieve, like poor Miriam, development into "a still solemn woman," is not so practical as his other views of life.

Mr. G. A. Henty has gone back to the days of the Indian Mutiny for the subject of his novel, *Rujub the Juggler*. That is now more than forty years ago, and to the younger generation of to-day the name of Nana Sahib, though associated with horror of some kind, has little historical reality. But to older readers something of the furious excitement which ran through England at the time can be recalled in reading again of this wretch's treachery and cruelty. The fury ran, no doubt, to wild excesses of vengeance, and cooler heads have since then decided that reprisals went too far. Nevertheless, it may be well believed that, if anything of the kind were to occur again, the passion of outraged tenderness that followed the Cawnpore massacre of English women and children would to-day just as little stay to count the force of its revenge. Mr. Henty describes the siege of Deennugghur with remarkable spirit. Here a handful of officers and native servants defended the court-house for weeks against whole regiments of Sepoys and batteries of artillery, merely with their rifles, revolvers, and such weapons of war as they could devise out of materials at hand. Of course, as *Rujub the Juggler* is a novel—not a history—of the Mutiny, the element of romance has to be introduced. Isobel Maynard and other ladies are in the fort, and passages of love alternate with stirring incidents of the fight. This is the weakest part of Mr. Henty's work. The women of novels by sportsmen, special correspondents, naval and military writers are generally poorly done. *Rujub*, however, is an interesting person, and his feats of jugglery, not at all exaggerated, are wonderful. The mystic powers he asserts have long been familiar to Eastern peoples, and are firmly believed in. They have suffered in repute elsewhere at the hands of modern impostors and some of their followers.

The volume on which Hamlet Prince of Denmark was engaged when he explained it to Polonius as "words, words, words!" must certainly have been a novel by Mrs. Oliphant. And if speculation were further invited, we should say that particular novel must have been *The Sorceress*. Wordiness has always been Mrs. Oliphant's weakness, and she has never abandoned herself more entirely to it than in these three wearisome, hollow volumes. To compare this story to the work, excellent in quality and abundant in quantity, which Mrs. Oliphant has produced would be unfair to both. The author has recently explained the meteoric rapidity and eccentricity with which her books descend on an astonished public, by mentioning that editors have had the habit of accepting her manuscript and forgetting it in desks and drawers during the lapse of years. *The Sorceress* has a very dug-up air about it, and perhaps this forgetfulness has been its fate. If it be so, that editor deserved well of his generation. No one, not even the author, can feel interest in Miss Bee Kingsward and her idiotic lover. The shadowy figures look dolefully out of the page like faded old daguerreotypes, and have as much likeness to life. The proof-reader, even, has succumbed to the leaden weight of his task and passed over frequent blunders. Mrs. Oliphant's literary reputation can well withstand the catastrophe of *The Sorceress*, dragged up, as it has probably been, from dusty darkness; but it would be well not to repeat it. No *revenants* could be more in the wrong than such as this.

Keith Deramore is stronger work than we have been accustomed to from the author of *Miss Molly*. Skill and care have been given to the construction, with good result, and though marks of carelessness are not wanting (*protégé* is repeatedly used in speaking of a young lady), the style is easy, and the dialogue bright. *Le flirtage*, to use the pleasant French paraphrase of our "good old flirt," that primitive, universal, and delightful occupation which never tires either in fact or fiction, is still, indeed, the chief subject-matter; but none of the disagreeable accessories which sometimes accompany it in both are present. Keith Deramore is selfish, cynical, a gambler, and generally a naughty man; but he is eminently flirtable. He has also the quality of truth—that one virtue without which the rest are worth nothing. It saves him in the end because it makes him capable of a genuine passion. Armine Curtis, who inspires it, is the opposite of a flirt, but she also is able to conceive deep and abiding love, and, when free, to abandon herself absolutely to it. The story, which holds a great deal more than this brief sketch of its principal plot, is eminently readable.

You cannot be weird and eerie and creepy just by wishing to

be. Mrs. Diehl has intended to be mystic and transcendental in her story, *Dr. Paull's Theory*, but has scarcely succeeded. What the Doctor's theory was, indeed, does not clearly appear, and his experiences are the last one would expect a hard-headed, scientific surgeon in a great London hospital to accept. The theory of Mr. Helven, an analytical chemist of great eminence and a modern Pythagorean—that souls endure eternally, passing through various bodies in various lives, and reaping the harvest of their aspirations after good or the reverse—is not adopted, so far as can be seen by Dr. Paull, nor is it borne out by the facts of his life. For instance, when Lilia Pym, a species of beautiful intelligent idiot, dies blaspheming her Creator on her deathbed, she returns in a few months to this world in the frame of a pious Catholic Spanish girl. Is it supposed that her conversion was effected during her brief absence in other regions? It was certainly not worked out during her existence as Lilia Pym. She has been, for about a year Dr. Paull's wife, and loved him to distraction and to his great inconvenience, as well as to the detriment of his practice. When she crosses his path again as Mercedes, wife of Prince Andriocchi, the passion is resumed; but this time the elderly surgeon is the prey to whom the goddess is mercilessly attached. The subject lacks actuality, as the editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* replied to the offer of an article on the Deity. There are many vices of style. "Like I am," "like I left mine," and other unpardonable solecisms. Nor do the illustrations by Mr. Arthur Diehl help the story. The figures are lamentably weak, though the expression of amiable idiocy on the face of Lilia in the frontispiece is cleverly caught, and there are one or two pretty small bits of garden architecture.

Miss Elizabeth Olmis, the author of *Morris Julian's Wife*, entertains very exalted ideas of the conditions of married life, but has apparently only a narrow experience of its crude realities. At least Statia Maynard, who became Mr. Julian's wife, showed herself very difficult to please. She is young and beautiful, her husband not so young, but also beautiful; they have plenty of money, even for America, where the story begins, and they are deeply in love with each other. Morris Julian in especial exists only to please and make his wife happy. And that it is which makes what Statia's countrywomen call "the trouble." She is "crushed out of herself by the very weight of his indulgence." She writes a letter beginning "Morris" as if he were an offending servant, and bids him an eternal farewell, making off to Europe with an ancient aunt, and leaving her infant boy to whoever may be at hand to take care of him. A more utterly foolish and conceited little egotist than Statia does not exist in fiction, nor could a more perversely mischievous conception of womanly duty be set forth than in her story. Then begins the chase of husband after wife, which carries the reader half over Europe and back again to America, and lasts for years and years. In Scotland Mr. Julian becomes a peer, Lord Cairlie of Castle Cairlie; but later on we find him "Judge Julian" at Zadoe, in Dakota, and, moreover, trying his long-lost wife for murder. It is all inconceivably foolish—

I sits with my toes in a brook;
If any one asks me for why,
I hits 'em a rap with my crook,
'Tis sentiment kills me, says I.

And this one volume contains enough sentiment to slay a dozen shepherds, crooks and all. There are some illustrations by Warren B. Davis, carefully done, though rather finikin.

MR. LANG ON HOMER.*

THERE is but one serious complaint to be made of Mr. Lang's learned, acute, and persuasive treatise on the Homeric Question. He weakens the plausibility, if not the force, of his solid argument in defence of Homer by indulging in a somewhat ungracious scorn for the "spectacled young German critics on their promotion," who try to display their ingenuity by detecting "microscopical" inconsistencies in poetry which they cannot appreciate. They fall, no doubt, into ineptitudes which Mr. Lang is quick to expose. But in an argument which challenges, and should receive, respectful consideration among Continental scholars, it is a pity that the author should create prejudice by such remarks as (on the Third Iliad) that "it is possible to give people poetry, but impossible to give them the brains to understand and the hearts to feel it." It was sufficient to say, as Mr. Lang does in his preface, that the problem of the Iliad and Odyssey is a literary one. Do they bear the stamp and mark of a single authorship, "in harmony of tone, in a preconceived catastrophe to

* *Homer and the Epic*. By Andrew Lang, M.A., Hon. LL.D. St. Andrews, Hon. Fellow of Merton College, Oxford. London and New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

which all tends, in dramatic consonance of character, in grandeur of style." It is a matter of art; yet many of the Homeric commentators "pore over the hyssop on the wall but are blind to the cedar of Lebanon." They pick out blemishes all but invisible—discrepancies found in every fictitious narrative—and then point to them as proofs of diversity of authorship.

In spite of the flings with which Mr. Lang amuses himself he is, we think, scrupulous in the more essential duty of stating his adversaries' objections fairly and fully. His analysis of Wolf's *Prolegomena* puts all the arguments, and puts them in their right proportion. And even in the more contemptuous passages, where he discusses the detailed criticisms of later, and lesser, scholars, he summarizes their views with a justice that sometimes leaves his refutation less convincing than he believes it to be. His plan of defence is worth quotation, since he carries it out exactly as he defines it, and since space forbids us to follow it out in its entirety:—

'We shall begin, where the Homeric question, properly speaking, commences, with a statement and criticism of Wolf's famous *Prolegomena*. We shall then examine the composition of the *Iliad*, and of the *Odyssey*, taking for chief texts the conclusions of Mr. Leaf, in his excellent edition of the *Iliad*, and the latest German criticism. Next we shall consider the archaeological theories of Homer's date and civilization based on recent discoveries. We shall then compare Homer with certain other early national poems, such as the *Chanson de Roland*, the *Kalevala*, and *Beowulf*, trying to show in what respects his work resembles, and in what it transcends and differs from, these interesting lays. We shall then state the conclusion to which we have been guided by the whole process—namely, that the Homeric epics, in spite of certain flaws, and breaks, and probable insertion of alien matter, are mainly the work of one, or, at the most, of two, great poets.'

No apology is required for citing the following passage:—

'As men, after all, are so made that they desire to be grateful for a poem to a poet—a sentiment of which Longinus appreciated the generous enjoyment—and not to a vague *Société des Gens de Lettres*, it is hoped that the argument may help to strengthen the belief in one author, not in a college of collaborators, and so may add, however slightly, to the pleasure taken in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. For it does not appear to us that the question of the single or the composite authorship of the poems is of no æsthetic importance, that the epics are just as excellent whether they be the work of one genius, or a patchwork, a mosaic of different pieces, derived from different ages. In that case much of the poems must be sham antiques, the manners must have been artificially reconstructed by minstrels who did not live in the world of the earlier lays.'

If we are to admire not the unity of one genius, but to criticize the handiwork of a multitude of diaskeuasts, editors, and younger poets, our confidence is shaken, and our pleasure turned to pain and bewilderment. This is no argument, Mr. Lang admits, why we should shun analysis. The truth must be sought at all costs; but "it is not certain that the truth, when found, will be disenchanting." It is possible, he adds, that the Poets may be right and the Professors wrong.

The once almost accepted theory that Pisistratus first committed the Homeric epics to writing and published them in their present order meets with an uncompromising challenge. In the first place, Wolf "curiously exaggerated" the credibility of his own witnesses; but, even if we accept their authority, they do not say what has been put in their mouths. Suidas, for instance, declares that Homer "wrote" the *Iliad*, but in fragmentary parts—separate cantos being left in different towns whence they were afterwards collected by Pisistratus. In the scholion on Plautus discovered by Ritschl we are told that Homer was "read" fragmentarily. Cicero's statement is that the "books" of Homer were arranged by Pisistratus, and Josephus—who alone denies that Homer wrote at all—omits any mention of Pisistratus. The whole hypothesis, therefore, is deficient in evidence, and is, moreover, in conflict with other literary traditions quite as respectable as those quoted in its support. According to Ephorus and Heraclides Ponticus the poems were brought by Lycurgus from Asia to Sparta, and Diogenes distinctly suggests that they already existed "in order" when Solon made the rhapsodes recite them in order. Contending, then, that these contradictory sets of legends may be held to cancel each other, Mr. Lang is not, however, inclined to reject the whole theory of Attic editorship. When the old Achæan courts were broken up "there would no longer be an audience for long poems, an audience meeting night by night in a royal hall." To a popular gathering the reciter would be tempted to repeat only the more striking passages, and there might be some danger of the epics degenerating into a mere collection of "Beauties of Homer." To prevent this literary calamity may have been the object of the law attributed to

Solon. But that no systematic attempt was made at Athens to modify the text is shown by the scarcity and meagreness of the passages which can be fixed upon as Attic interpolations. The editor, if one there was, could not even introduce "the Aristeia of a local hero." But, even according to Wolf, Pisistratus did not complete the task. Here Mr. Lang scores neatly:—

"To polish completely, and *ad unguem*, may seem too hard a task for a first endeavour." Pisistratus had assistants and successors. But here Wolf proves too much. If the epic is now *perpolitum et quasi ad unguem complanatum*, "polished to the nail," what becomes of all the talk about its inconsistencies and blunders? But if it is not so polished, what were all the "diaskeuasts" and other polishers who succeeded Pisistratus about? It is either polished or it is not. If it is, *cadit quæstio* as to its innumerable defects. If it is not, what becomes of the industry of the polishers? The Venetian scholia mention several passages as interpolations by Diaskeuasts. And Wolf alleges that these Diaskeuasts were *exactors vel politores*, "polishers" of the text, contemporary with or rather later than Pisistratus. But the word *Diaskeuast* means nothing of this kind. They were interpolators of fictitious lines. Homer was not the only sufferer. Aristophanes even, according to Aristarchus and Apollonius, had been the victim of diaskeuastic industry. The term *diakkeudêsin* means "to corrupt a genuine text," as Galen says some supposed the text of Hippocrates to have been corrupted.

The Pisistratus theory is, in fact, no longer maintained by the majority of the disintegrators. Yet "their position is the more perilous" since they are bound to show—if they believe in a wholesale system of additions and interpolations—"how, when, and where they were composed, and, above all, how and when they gained general acceptance."

We have purposely omitted Mr. Lang's attack on the very foundation of the *Prolegomena*, that the art of writing was unknown to the Greeks at the supposed date of the Homeric poems. The most that Mr. Lang can accomplish here is to balance one remote probability against another equally remote. But the argument is highly interesting, and Mr. Lang is entitled to sum up the discussion by saying that "we may not be able to prove that Homer could write, but we see that Wolf has not demonstrated the opposite," and in this conclusion he may boast that he has with him the flowing tide of modern scholarship.

The most valuable part of the treatise, that into which Mr. Lang throws all his heart, all his literary acuteness, and all his dialectical skill, is the detailed account of the separate books, defending—with a few exceptions—the passages which the Higher Criticism (superseded) would tear away as the work of anonymous botchers. Here, of course, he falls foul—in a friendly way—of his Homeric collaborator, Mr. Walter Leaf, whose *Companion to the Iliad*, published last year, contained some of the heresies which Mr. Lang regards as exploded and almost antiquated. The proposal to cut out, as being on the *Mînus* theory superfluous, from Book III. to Book VIII. (with Grote), or from Book III. to Book XI. (with Fick and Mr. Leaf), is dismissed as follows:—

'The arguments against this wholesale excision are obvious. Either Homer must be kept to the letter of his bond, his epic must sing of the wrath of Achilles and the promise of Zeus, and nothing else, or we may suppose that he describes the whole war as affected by the wrath of Achilles. In the former case, books iii. to xi. cannot be original, for in them the wrath is but little in question, the promise of Zeus is only maturing. If we take this view, we have scarce any difficulty to meet, except that of believing in at least two poets of equal transcendent merit and equally skilled in "the grand style." One of these poets, the author of books iii. and vi., gave us Helen and Andromache, those peerless peers in womanhood. Now the question whether we can believe in two poets equally great, and equally masters of the grand style, is a matter for the judgment and imagination of every reader to decide. Mr. Matthew Arnold could not believe in two poets of this mark; Mr. Leaf and Mr. Grote can believe. Arguments are here of no avail.'

With the difficulty felt by Mr. Leaf at VI. 128, where Diomedes doubts Glaucus is a god—and declines to fight against gods, quoting the fate of Lycurgus—Mr. Lang deals gently but firmly. Why should this cautiousness on the hero's part seem unintelligible? True he had just vanquished Ares and Aphrodite. But he had been expressly warned by Athene to fight no god but Aphrodite, and it had been Athene's hand, not his own, which wounded Ares. Nor is his doubt as to the godhead of Glaucus inconsistent with his recent gift of recognizing deities. Athene is no longer with him, and if her gift had departed with her—not an unreasonable hypothesis—there is no "glaring inconsistency" remaining. But if there were, what of it?

'If inconsistencies are to be explained as interpolations and the results of *remaniement*, we may imagine how the critics

of a future age will treat *Pendennis*. In that romance Master Clavering grows, in six years, from four to thirteen. Mrs. Bungay's Christian name is changed twice in two consecutive pages. In vol. i. p. 25, we learn that Pendennis's mother is "alive to this day"—namely, when the history is being written. In the seventeenth number of the tale, Pendennis's mother dies.

If *Pendennis*, Mr. Lang goes on, had been worked up by later authors—as the *Iliad* is alleged to have been—their first care would have been to remove such obvious blunders. Homer had no proofs, no proof-readers. Yet mistakes as bad as these are committed by "authors rejoicing in many revises." It is not less reasonable to attribute slips like this, such as Scott and Thackeray made, to the original author than to interpolators whose chief duty it would be to avoid them. Nor does Mr. Lang's knowledge of the literary nature convince him that in ancient Greece a man who could produce such noble passages as some of those which are treated as interpolations would sink his individuality and reputation under the name of a contemporary or predecessor. "Poet is jealous of poet," says Hesiod. "It is not probable," Mr. Lang remarks, that "in the life, or after the death, of the composer of the 'Wrath of Achilles,' another minstrel, equally great, would refuse all claim to his own Helen, his Paris, his visit of Priam to Achilles, and modestly declares that these immortal scenes were his predecessor's." Mr. Lang returns to this point in connexion with the "changes of armour," which the critics have dismissed as interpolation. He disagrees, and gives strong reasons for his dissent, on what is a crucial point in the whole Homeric question. But accepting the excision, what, he asks, does it point to? That the interpolator—in a very early age, when the inlaying art of Egypt in the seventeenth century B.C. was still in vogue—was able to introduce a long description of the divine armour-making, to foist in allusions in earlier books, and finally to "secure the acceptance of his work both in the main and in isolated fragments." It is admitted, too, that the whole narrative is a "model of vigour, rapidity, and clearness":—

"Yet he introduces 'hopeless confusion' when he made Hector change his armour. Great as he was, he sank his fame in the work of another, and was content to continue a poem by a predecessor, and help in making a sequel. The difficulty of believing in so many supreme poets, and so self-denying, encounters us everywhere. That such men should also be clumsy botchers amazes us. As to how the minute additions were made and accepted—for there is no evidence for the theory of a 'school'—we receive no enlightenment. Are we seriously to imagine a professional school of poets before 1000 B.C.? One of them composes the story of the Arms, he makes the needful interpolations in xi., xvi.; he submits it to the Homeric Academy. They like it, and, in future, teach the whole poem to their pupils with the modern improvements. Is all this more credible than the hypothesis of one great peerless and original poet?"

We have left ourselves no space to follow Mr. Lang in his defence of the unity of the *Odyssey*, or to do more than allude to the important chapters in which he describes and examines other early epics of other primitive civilizations. His account of the lost epics of Greece is as complete as may be, and his chapter on the bearing of modern archaeological research and speculation on the Homeric question shows that he is not, as he modestly suggests, quite an amateur in that branch of study. He explains in some detail that the spade has not yet brought to light any evidence so conclusive that, in dealing with Homeric questions, it would be safe to depart from the old-fashioned literary criteria. On minute points, as on the leading topics, antiquaries are in confessed discord. The very occurrence of a Dorian invasion is denied by some, and at any moment all may be illuminated, or more darkly obscured, by some new discovery.

In conclusion, then, *Homer and the Epic* is not a book for the smatterer, but for those who take their scholarship seriously. With plenty of leisure, we cannot imagine a prettier literary amusement than to take Mr. Lang's book and work steadily through it, turning up every reference and cross-reference. But we feel—at least, if we have imbibed the writer's spirit—that before very long we should forget the commentary, and just go on reading the Greek text, forgetting, as Mr. Lang does sometimes, that anybody has ever seriously questioned the reality of Homer.

A DANCE AND A BALLAD.*

TWO little pretty books (it is the older order of the words, and perhaps the prettier), abundantly illustrated and excel-

* *The Ballad of Beau Brocade, and other Poems of the Eighteenth Century.* By Austin Dobson. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.

Holbein's Dance of Death. With an Introductory Note by Austin Dobson. London: George Bell & Sons.

lently printed, call Mr. Austin Dobson father, albeit in a different way. He begat Beau Brocade (a son to be proud of, though he did come to a bad end) and his fellows long ago; and Mr. Hugh Thomson has now pranked up the family very handsomely, I assure you. The great and famous series called, and probably with truth, *Holbein's Dance of Death* he has fostered, giving a preliminary note which is a model of bibliographic and iconographic learning and judgment, without presumption and without jargon, and setting it out afresh on the way which for three hundred and fifty years it has so often travelled for the delight of the thoughtless and the instruction of the thoughtful.

Of the substance of either book it is not necessary to say much. Beau Brocade and his companions, "The Gentleman and Gentlewoman of the Old School," "The Dead Letter," "The Old Sedan Chair," "The Ladies of St. James's," and, last but by no manner of means least, "Molly Trefusis," have taken their place in the general judgment with a thorough security which is a credit even more to the judgment than to the poems. There may be different estimates—it depends on the construction of the critical eye—of the bigness of Mr. Dobson's glass. But that it is his own glass (though through it there shine the pleasantest far-off lights or flashes of Prior and Praed, of Goldsmith and Cowper), that he drinks in it himself with infinite elegance and good manners, and furnishes it to others filled with the choicest Frontiniack and Monte Pulciano, giving those who prefer it a draught of Champaign (for 'tis thus we must spell it in writing of eighteenth-century poems), there is no doubt at all. And, not to speak fulsomely, we verily believe the glass to be as unbreakable as it is clear and graceful, and to be furnished with the old magic of being always full of whatsoever liquor the drinker pleases. Of Mr. Thomson's very clever illustrations we cannot speak quite so decidedly. They have, we believe, been extremely popular, and if it did not look too lefthanded a compliment, we should say that we only wish everything that within recent knowledge has been popular had been like them. Despite a little sameness, and more than a little mannerism, they have a great deal of fertility and fancy. Their drawing is spirited and correct, their composition ingenious and orderly. There is aptness enough in "Hogarth jotted her down on the spot," and grace enough in Miss Molly Trefusis and the central figure of the frontispiece. But—but—Perhaps it is hardly worth while insisting on the "but" when the thing has so many merits. But we should say that Mr. Thomson, like some other artists—Mr. Abbey very particularly—who have recently undertaken to illustrate the eighteenth century, has concentrated his attention too much on the side of it noticed in the late Laureate's

Teacup times of hood and hoop,
And when the patch was worn.

They have tried to combine French grace and *languueur* with a sort of Chinese skipping and smirking and fiddlefaddling. But let us not be understood as cursing where we would only bless with a proper critical discrimination, and where we have actually derived a very considerable addition to the enjoyment of the text from that of the plates.

No man, moreover, could reasonably desire a better alternative from anything that may not wholly please him in Mr. Thomson's ingenious devices than the fantastic great old woodcuts which Melchior and Gaspar (where was Balthazar?) Trechsel struck at Lyons in the year 1538 with Corrozet's mottoes, which may have been the work of Hans Lützelburger, after designs which may still more probably be those of a greater Hans, Holbein. These truly wonderful things ought to be familiar to everybody, and a few of them, chiefly from phrases and allusions in the poets and romances, such as Mr. Longfellow's "Death playing on a dulcimer," no doubt are. But it is the experience of the experienced that things which ought to be known to everybody by no means necessarily are so known, and there are probably few who could enumerate all the plates or describe from memory the exact action of many of them even when named. This present reproduction is an exceedingly pretty one. The cuts are printed from the blocks engraved in 1833 which have received just praise, are arranged in an agreeable little volume, are introduced by the editor's fine Chant Royal on the subject, and are furnished with a table of descriptive legends. We shall only add that, in looking through them afresh and consecutively, it has struck us very strongly that the "additional" cuts, those not in the first edition, are different both in composition and execution from the rest. Note, for instance, the soldier with whom Death is fighting, armed with a shield. In the authentic series and in the similar plate of the Nobleman, who has also got his sword out and is aiming a swashing blow at Death, the Appearance does not make the slightest sign of betaking himself to the idle arms of flesh. He knows he is invulnerable and drags

away at that Person of Quality quite unconcernedly. Nor is it at all intelligible on the clear, simple, hard conception of the genuine series why the two Deaths, leaving the Waggoner alone, should devote themselves to mere mischief, staving the casks, unshipping the wheels, and so forth. This is childish; and there is nothing childish in the others. The only omission we have noticed in the book is in the argumentative table of contents already noticed. The descriptions are generally thorough, terse, exhaustive; but in the Old Woman, the kindest of all, only the Death that makes music in the van is mentioned, and not his fellow, who, crowned with flowers, helps the crone along.

HUNTER'S INDIAN EMPIRE.*

IT is somewhat difficult to select a title which shall not convey a false impression of this work. Perhaps the author has hit on one which shall not be misleading, if we include the additional words given in the title-page. It is a goodly volume about our Indian Empire, its Peoples, History, and Products. One portion gives us a narrative of events from the Asoka of tablets and tradition down to the Viceroy now on the throne. Another part is simply a condensation of the Imperial Gazetteer. A third contains as many figures and schedules as one of those annual reports which are alternately the terror or the delight of Civil Servants. A fourth partakes of the character of a tourist's or a sportsman's guide. We are told that this is a third edition, and we find that the first issue was in 1882. It contained about five hundred and fifty pages. In 1886, in a second edition, the pages had swelled to seven hundred. As far as we can make out, the increase was due to occasional amplifications and to a re-arrangement of some important chapters. The third and last edition has grown to eight hundred pages. In each successive volume we recognize the same uniformity of plan and method of treatment; the same careful manipulation of figures; and the literary style which has established and bears out the author's reputation. There is an excellent table of contents at one end and a very trustworthy index at the other. But for all this research, care, and treatment of ample materials, one is tempted to ask whether it is absolutely essential to publish three such productions in little more than ten years. Everything, says the noble army of prigs and pandits, must be brought "up to date." Roman and Greek history must be rewritten. To use a brilliant phrase of a Lord Justice, we are to listen to long biographies of Nobody and celebrate centenaries of Nothing. Even Christianity ought to be carefully revised and re-edited. In the instance before us a good deal of the work may be fairly characterized as likely to last. But almost as much may be described, in the language of Mr. Chucks about the mainmast, as "precarious, and not at all permanent." Scholars may doubtless for some time to come contribute minute additions to the existing stock of information about Brahmans and Buddhists, Scythian and Aryan immigrations, Aurangzeb and Akbar, the character of Warren Hastings, and the policy of Lord Cornwallis. What Sir William Hunter has written on these and cognate subjects will require very little emendation. But statistics of crime, of commerce, of population, of manufactures, are swelling, diminishing, and altering every year. How are we to trust, in five or ten years' time, tables which enumerate the ships that pass through the Suez Canal, or the amount of jute sent to Dundee, or the bags of rice shipped to the Straits Settlements and the Mauritius? As it is, the book before us has become too bulky to be grasped in one hand. It will have its own value for reference. But surely Sir William Hunter must see that a division of subjects, not merely into chapters but into volumes, would be preferable. It would be perfectly easy for a writer of his experience to separate the features that are stereotyped from those that vary and shift, just as an artist deals differently with the same landscape under April showers and verdure and under December snows.

The distinction which the author has not thought fit to adopt can be fairly made by the critic. We shall leave the historical chapters out of this notice. They are full of matter well digested, condensed, and arranged. The table of languages rests on the minute inquiries of competent scholars. On some slightly controversial questions, such for instance as the origin of the Jain sect and the disappearance of Buddhism from India, the reader can form his own opinion, or can refer to the disquisitions of experts who have made each topic a special study. We are glad to find that Sir William Hunter lends no countenance to the nebulous theory which would grope for the Aryans among Finns

and Lapps. "Their Earliest Home," says the author, "visible to History, was in Central Asia," and from that "common camping ground, certain branches of the race started for the East, others for the West. One of the Western offshoots founded the Persian kingdom; another built Athens and Lacedæmon, and became the Hellenic nation; a third went on to Italy, and reared the City on the Seven Hills." If there is any reliance to be placed on linguistic affinities, the consent of sound Orientalists, and the teaching of history, the above theory will not be easily discarded. As Mr. Gladstone might say, it will still "hold the field" for a long time.

The chapter dealing with the framework of British administration at Westminster or Calcutta, and with the gradations of the Civil hierarchy in India, ought to prevent divers mischievous conceptions as to the hard work and emoluments of a Civil Servant. That a district officer should "make himself acquainted with every phase of the social life of the natives, and with each natural aspect of the country," is tantamount to saying that he should study Oriental peculiarities in the open bazaar as well as in the stifling Court-house, talk the dialect of villagers, become familiar with every successive agricultural operation in the year, live for four months in tents, and skilfully handle the hog spear and the rifle, if not prevented from participating in such diversions by calls for returns and statistics which few men will read, and by the fall in the rupee for which no one has found a remedy. But we cannot expect that every Deputy-commissioner or magistrate should at once blossom into a lawyer, an accountant, a surveyor, "and a ready writer of State papers," as well as possess no mean knowledge of agriculture, political economy, and engineering. If he is all this when after leaving Balliol or Trinity he lands in India at the age of twenty-four, he will have every chance of blossoming into a perfect and portentous prig.

The chapter on Agriculture is suggestive rather than exhaustive; but it is a good specimen of the art which Sir William Hunter displays in dealing with the reports and inquiries of his coadjutors. We should be inclined to agree with the estimate of the Famine Commissioners that "ninety per cent. of the Indian population are directly or indirectly connected with agriculture." The primary requisite for successful cultivation is a plentiful rainfall distributed fairly and evenly over the greater part of India between June and October. Failing this, neither model farms, nor agricultural lectures, nor shiploads of manure, nor scientific ploughs and harrows, will be of the smallest use. With copious showers at seed-time, heavy falls in August, and parting blessings in October, the agriculturist, whether he owns his few acres, or is under a Talukdar, or is one of a cultivating community, may defy a good many things. He can stand up against a heavy assessment, irregular taxation, or periodical fever. With the heaven like brass and the clay like iron, he can only be saved from annihilation by a gigantic system of outdoor relief, extemporized under the active agents of a benevolent Government. Closely connected with the system of agriculture, of which the outline is the same everywhere though the ramifications are different in each province, is the startling increase of the population. We own to a feeling of dismay, if not of despair, at the results of the last Census under Mr. Baines, the Head Commissioner. It may be quite true that there are still tracts of jungle to be cleared and virgin soil to be worked in some Indian provinces. But this outlet is of little avail under the intense liking displayed by the Ryot for his hereditary plot. Allowing that there may be slight exaggeration or a want of accuracy in the Census returns, no statesman can contemplate without grave anxiety the government of a country where the average of the population is 229 to the mile and the highest reaches the alarming figure of 640; and where the increase in a decade, over the whole country, is nearly 10 per cent.

But it may be said, what has become of the various skilled handicrafts in that vast dependency? What of those delicate and graceful fabrics of Delhi and Benares? Where are the muslins of Dacca and Arni, the skill of the weaver, and the goldsmith's art? On these subjects there are chapters full of meaning. Several of the minor handicrafts have been apparently crushed out of existence by the British merchant, just as Thugs and Dacoits have been suppressed and hunted down by the strong arm of the English magistrate. Cotton fabrics from Manchester and America have supplanted the productions of the village handloom. As a set-off against the extinction of some native industries, numerous manufactories have been established at Bombay and Calcutta. There are some twenty-four mills which turn out huge quantities of jute, and seem not unlikely to affect the trade of Dundee. It will be a curious revenge if Indian mills, "the shares in which are largely taken up by natives," shall at some not distant date supersede Manchester goods of the coarser kinds.

* *The Indian Empire: its Peoples, History, and Products.* By Sir William Wilson Hunter, K.C.S.I., C.I.E., LL.D. Cambridge, M.A. Oxford. New and revised edition (the Third). London: W. H. Allen & Co. 1893.

For his other daily and simple wants the Indian Ryot will still be supplied by the Indian artisan. The village brazier, the village blacksmith, the potter with his wheel and his clay, and the goldsmith with his primitive forge and bellows, will be in constant demand. The making of ploughs and harrows, brass pots and silver ornaments, will be undertaken, as hitherto, by hereditary castes, without the slightest call for English capital applied and directed by English agents. In other departments nothing has been done, or ever will be done, without the energy of the Anglo-Saxon. Indigo is still manufactured under an improved system of contract for the cultivation of the plant by the Ryot in the fine districts of Behar. In the North-West Provinces the manufacture is "to a considerable extent in the hands of natives." Tea, which after its introduction in the time of Lord William Bentinck had but a languid existence, has during the last thirty years attained enormous proportions, and has done for jungly tracts in Assam, the Doars, Cachar, and the slopes of the Himalayas what could not have been effected by any other form of mercantile enterprise. Similar success, though on a more limited scale, has resulted from the introduction of the cinchona plant; and in silk—though in this latter instance the silkworms are reared and the rough cocoons are produced by the Ryot without English interference or direction. As a general rule, it may be said that native interests are best consulted where the Ryot is left to grow what crop he likes, and where the Englishman buys the raw produce in the open bazar, without any previous contract with the grower, under the ordinary laws of demand and supply.

Of mines and minerals there is a brief but interesting account. Here, again, if we except the smelting of iron by an indigenous and expensive process, little or nothing was done till the English engineer made his appearance. And, though this form of speculation has not been impeded by any serious difficulty of obtaining land, or by harassing and costly litigation with either landowner or tenant, the results have not seldom been barren and even ruinous. Better iron can be imported direct from England. Coal from the Ranigunje fields, or from the Central Provinces, is worth little or nothing for sea-going steamers, does not generate steam like the English coal, and leaves a large percentage of ashes. On the other hand, the seams are near the surface of the soil and there have been no deadly explosions from fire-damp. This survey of India's resources seems to us to show conclusively that deductions must be made from those highly-coloured prospectuses which boast that India has endless sources of untapped wealth, can produce almost anything we want at a cheap rate, and affords an inexhaustible and remunerative field for the employment of British capital. That progress has been made and that there is room for safe and legitimate speculation is conclusively shown by the author; but enthusiastic pioneers will do well to remember the difficulties of transport, communication, climate, the native labour market, and the fall in the rupee. And whenever it is gravely proposed that we should consult native opinion, grant natives a larger share in the administration, and admit the elective principle in the formation of legislative Councils, it may not be out of place to remind the makers of constitutions on paper that English capitalists, for the last twenty years, have been invited to give their money and their time to these enterprises, only on the understanding that the management and direction of public affairs are to remain exclusively in British hands. Home Rule is as little suited to India as it is to Ireland. We have concerned ourselves in this paper more with the future than with the past. But we are not insensible to the value of this work as a safe and reliable guide over the large field of Indian history, to its general freedom from political bias, to the care expended on the printing of endless names, figures, and statistics, and to its impressive style.

ESSAYS ON VEGETARIANISM.*

VEGETARIANISM is not without its attractions, and its defendants and exponents are usually among the most harmless of the men and women who have an "ism" which they wish to propagate. The diet keeps its disciples in low condition, and except in the use of their tongues, they are a temperate and peace-loving folk.

Every one knows that in English kitchens too little is thought of the vegetable world, and that very few English cooks know how to dress the vegetables which are brought ready to their hand from the kitchen-gardens of all our country homes. This being the case among the educated classes, it is not surprising

that vegetables, as a rule, enter very little into the artisan's scale of diet. The poor are in total ignorance as to the value of this class of food, and not only they, but the class just above them in means, have little idea how much they could vary their scale of diet, and reduce their expenses, by paying more attention "to root and grain foods." There is, therefore, a good soil on which to sow the seed of this gospel of the vegetable, and it is perfectly easy for ordinary human beings to pay attention to the subject when it is brought before them, and to make an intelligent use of much that the vegetarian can teach, without going the length of condemning all animal food and all alcohol. "Essays on Vegetarianism" might be made extremely interesting; and possibly, when Mr. Hills undertakes to write them, he may show us that he really knows something about his subject. In the work that lies before us Mr. Hills writes on almost every subject except that which gives the title to his book, and he discourses with strange extravagance on every theme. The book is divided into sixteen parts, only five of which even remotely apply to Vegetarianism. The three first are labelled "Sonship," "Atonement," "Life"; the four last "Individualism and Socialism," "The Function of Legislation," "The Perfect Law of Liberty," and "Health." "Sanity," we note, is not to be found in any section of the volume. The three first parts we do not intend to notice beyond saying of them, and of all the so-called theology which runs through the essays, that we have seldom read anything which to many readers will seem more irreverent. When Mr. Hills deals with "Fruit Culture," he condescends, for three pages, to stick more or less to his subject. He embarks on many figures, and proves to his own satisfaction that the day is at hand when grapes will sell for threepence a pound, and the fruit farmer's profit will be from 1,600*l.* to 7,200*l.* The fruit farmers seem to be strangely dead to their own interest in insisting on selling their grapes at a considerably higher rate, and declaring that they cannot make the business pay. When we reach the chapter entitled "A System of Diet without Starch" we find we have got to the Irish Church and the House of Lords. An account of the making of the Forth Bridge occupies, for some mysterious reason, a place in this remarkable hash of subjects. We are led to understand that the famous words "Up Guards and at them" ought to be the watchword of the vegetarians in this enlightened century, and in their campaign against what is graphically described as "the beastly broths of the butcher."

To waste good arguments in answering the farrago of nonsense which is here collected would, indeed, be throwing pearls before swine. We can only regret that so temperate and reasonable a cause should have had so intemperate an advocate.

HOW TO BUY A HORSE.*

ACCORDING to "Pelagius" there is only one way to set about buying a horse—namely, for the buyer to place himself unreservedly in the hands and at the mercy of an honest horse-dealer, merely describing the class of animal required, and abjuring even the assistance of a veterinary surgeon in the purchase. There is a good deal to be said for this system; it is simple, not more costly in the long run than another, and at any rate, saves the outlay of a guinea on the ridiculous certificate (whereof a very fair specimen is given) usually furnished by the M.R.C.V.S., "letters which appear to paralyse the brain and common sense of many horse-buyers." If we have not all been so fortunate in our experience of dealers as has "Pelagius," we need not therefore seriously quarrel with his high estimate of a generally, and perhaps unjustly, abused class of men; but when he deprecates the odium—which he greatly exaggerates—attaching to the gentleman or amateur purveyor of horse-flesh, he should remember that the first object of any dealer is to sell bad or indifferent horses; the good ones sell themselves, and are, moreover, so rare that even a man with a large business can only hope to have a few through his hands during a year; and, if we know that our friend, or our friend's son, is a bit of a coper, and apt to chaunt his wares in and out of season, we not unnaturally fight shy of certain boredom and a probable attempt on our pockets.

In the contempt expressed for the average coachman—a term which includes groom—most horsey men will concur, though not in the author's avowed opinion that these servants are entitled to a tip from the vendor whenever a new horse comes into the stable. Everybody is aware that what a noted provincial dealer used to call "a dowser" is usually expected, and often bestowed; but, as it ultimately comes out of the buyer's purse, he has no call to rejoice over the arrangement. The condemnation of

* *Essays on Vegetarianism.* By Arnold Frank Hills, President of the London Vegetarian Society. The Vegetarian Publishing Office, Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street.

* *How to Buy a Horse.* By "Pelagius." London: Chapman & Hall.

blacksmiths is a trifle sweeping, but not much more so than they deserve. If a master can really enforce the few—very few—hints here given about shoeing, he will have no artificially created foot-lameness in his stable.

The chapter on the Bearing Rein is one of the best that has ever been published about this vexed question, and can be heartily commended to the attention of Sir Edward Sullivan and other through-thick-and-thin reformers, who blindly run amuck at a bit which, like most others, has too often been made an instrument of torture, owing to the ignorance and carelessness of owners and their servants, but the regulated use of which is nevertheless indispensable, unless the streets of London are to be turned into shambles. The story of "Anti-Bearing Rein Flowers" and "The White-faced Mare" is a happy illustration, and, unlike most of the anecdotes in the book, is original and to the point. The description of "What a Hack Should Be" may well be borne in mind by all who set out in search of the practically unattainable:—

'He was a thoroughbred chestnut gelding, about 15 h. 1 in., standing on the best legs and feet that ever were seen. He had a beautiful small head and perfect hazel eyes, the best of necks and shoulders. There was only one place where his saddle would stay.'

This, it may be observed, is the case with every horse, only the place is so frequently the wrong one.

'He was narrow between the legs, with lots of muscle at the sides of the shoulders. You can best describe his action by imagining that he was hung in the air by a hand. . . . He trotted with his foot in the air delivering it right from the shoulder. . . . By just pressing the near calf of your leg he would from a walk toss himself into a canter, and would continue that pace for ten miles without wanting to pull up or change his leg. . . . In his walk he was *always* trying how much faster he could go without breaking into a trot. . . . If along a country road you put him on to the siding of green, he would keep there and walk safely over the small water-grips; he never tried to avoid one and get back into the hard road. . . . Any child could ride him with comfort and yet he could carry fifteen stone with ease.'

And this, says the author, who claims to have bought hundreds of horses in his life, "was the only perfect hack I ever possessed." "O fortunate nimium," to have had that one, will cry most of his readers. We have heard of a veteran sportsman, who, being asked if he would undertake to write an article on Hacks, replied, "I have in my time bestridden three animals I could call hacks; what can I possibly know about the matter?" "Pelagius" has actually been the possessor of a creature about as scarce as a unicorn. His abhorrence of a hog-maned horse is not quite easy to understand. He says he knows not how to get on to them without the help of the lock of hair, and misses it too much as a steadier when he is there; but has he never heard of a breast-plate? Surely for hunting purposes it is more than an equivalent for the mane.

Whoever "Pelagius" may be, there can be no doubt that he is a horseman, a coachman, and a stableman. So his brochure—for it is little more—is worth reading. He is never obscure, except when he tries to be funny.

THE GREAT BOOK-COLLECTORS.*

BOOKS about book-collecting and bibliography seem to have become more popular in recent years. When Dibden compiled his laborious and lumbering frivolities, book-collecting was a pastime for earls, dukes, and men of wealth. The Roxburghe Club was unkindly called an association of peers and pedants, and it may be conjectured that some of the pedants acted as jackals for certain of the peers. Large prices were given, huge barbarian banquets were eaten, and the earlier publications of the Club were usually no better than curious. With less luxury, the Bannatyne Club did far better work. Such books as the *Memoirs of Melville of Halabill*, and the *Inventory of Queen Mary's Jewels*, not to mention many others, were valuable collections of historical documents, admirably edited. The collectors made their hobby useful, and the various clubs of bibliophiles—the Roxburghe, the Bannatyne, the Maitland, the Spalding—justified their existence. The members were custodians, so to speak, of rare manuscripts and inaccessible books. They gave them house-room and security, then multiplied copies of useful works, for which there was no purchasing public. The use of the ordinary modern collector is not so obvious. Unable to strike at high game, he invents curiosities of little merit, or he follows the fashion, and changes with changes in the vogue. Unless he reads his books, unless they are his tools as well as

his treasures, we see little reason for the existence of the modern collector. Many of his fads, as for first editions of the books of to-day, are inexplicable.

Mr. Elton, who, in alliance with Mrs. Elton, has written the first of a set of bookish books, *The Great Book-Collectors*, is at least as well known by his own writings as by his library. His books are his tools, not merely *bibelots* more or less agreeable, though he permits to fancy some excursions among ancient bindings. Consequently he and Mrs. Elton write about the old collectors in a spirit of honourable sympathy. Dibden usually indulged in a ponderous levity, and a certain levity—not perhaps quite so elephantine—marks many of the little current works on the tastes of the bookman. The authors are in an attitude somewhat apologetic; *non est tanti*, they seem to say, and to profess that they are not so childish as to over-value their toys. Mr. and Mrs. Elton write in a spirit more sober and businesslike. We cannot pretend that their volume has the dry picturesqueness and humour of Mr. Hill Burton's *Book-Hunter*, with its sketches of Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, De Quincey, and other curious people. There is a certain want of the personal note and of vivacity, though there is no lack of information. Perhaps many of the best anecdotes are also the best known, and so have to be avoided. On the other hand, there is abundance of honest work. The authors treat the classical period very briefly. Martial might have supplied some rather interesting if not too familiar material. From the ancient world we move to Ireland and Northumbria, countries of few books, but these elaborately decorated. The anecdotes of the legendary Columba, and of Langarad, at whose death every book in Ireland fell from its shelf, are capital. The remarks on Northumbrian monastic libraries are also fresh and entertaining. Richard de Bury is a collector more familiar, but never wearisome, his heart was so deeply engaged in his pursuit. His biography is pleasantly handled, as is that of Petrarch. The experience of Braccianus is more melancholy; for the King of Hungary's library, in which he was so happy, was destroyed by the truly unspeakable Turks. Heliodorus was picked out of the gutter; but who knows how much perished? The Royal collectors of France were capricious, but fantastically interesting, people. As for our own Royal people, one is inclined to believe that most of their better-dressed books were "presentation copies," and, like all such presents, unread. This is partly confirmed by an anecdote of Mr. Samuel Wesley, Rector of Epworth, and the Royal reception of his book:—"It is prettily bound!" We are glad to find Mr. Elton protesting against the silly and ignorant practice of "grangerizing," which ruins many good books to make one bad book. To Bodley the authors give due praise; Grolier is treated with considerable fulness; and the French collectors are traced as far as Renouard. The library of Scott would have yielded a charming chapter, but for some reason it is not described; and the Beckford collection is merely named. A little more room might have been given to these great recent collectors, but limits of space probably confined the authors closely. The catalogue of M. Paillet's library is extremely entertaining, but is not cited as far as we observe. Perhaps the changes in the kind of books collected might have been more forcibly elucidated, the desires of each age altering so remarkably as they do. But to say all this is only to "ask for more"—for another volume of modern instances.

HOSPITALS.*

ABOUT a year ago, in reviewing the first two volumes of Mr. Burdett's large work, we expressed our admiration of the manner in which the author had carried out his laborious and self-imposed task, and testified to the great usefulness of the work to a very large number of persons who are interested in the construction and management of hospitals and asylums. The present three volumes fully bear out the good opinion we then formed, and we feel that it would be impossible to exaggerate the value and interest of the work in its complete form. Mr. Burdett's many years' experience as a superintendent and governor of hospitals of all kinds specially qualifies him to collect and arrange the essential facts relating to such institutions, and gives weight to the opinions he has formed on the various questions which have for some time past exercised the minds of the lay and medical officials of hospitals, and which last year led to the formation of a Select Committee of the House of Lords on the Management of our Metropolitan Medical Charities.

* *Hospitals and Asylums of the World*. By Henry C. Burdett. Vols. III. & IV., and Portfolio of Plans. London: J. & A. Churchill. 1893.

* *Third Report from the Select Committee of the House of Lords on Metropolitan Hospitals*.

* *The Great Book-Collectors*. By C. I. and M. A. Elton. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co. 1893.

Mr. Burdett deals with hospitals on the same lines as he dealt with asylums in his first two volumes. He begins with an account of the origin and history of hospitals from the earliest times down to the present day, from which we gather that hospitals for the sick poor are not, as is commonly supposed, the products of Christianity, as they existed in ancient Greece and Rome; and that in mediæval times the hospital accommodation was as great, and in many instances greater, in proportion to the population, than it is at present. The first of the present volumes is devoted to the details of hospital administration under the various heads of voluntary, endowed, State, and municipal systems as they exist in this and other civilized countries. The author also discusses questions of the relative revenue and expenditure, in- and out-patients, medical schools, nursing, and the peculiarities of hospitals for special and infectious diseases. The next volume is devoted to the details of hospital construction, and is explanatory of the admirable folio of plans which forms the last of the series of five volumes of the complete work. Exhaustive as the book is on all that relates to our larger hospitals, we regret that Mr. Burdett has omitted Cottage Hospitals from his pages—for he is an accepted authority on this subject by virtue of a special work he published some time ago—as his larger book ought to form a complete work of reference on all kinds of hospitals and asylums. Each volume possesses an excellent index, and a bibliography, occupying nearly thirty closely printed pages in small type, is one of the most useful features of the work. It will be seen from this imperfect enumeration of the contents what a mass of information the author has collected together for the instruction and guidance of those persons who interest themselves, either from a scientific or philanthropic point of view, in our public medical charities; but, while duly appreciating his great industry, we should have been glad if we could have been saved the labour of wading through it by receiving in a condensed form, in the introduction or a final chapter, the chief results of his labours, and in a shape which could be easily applied in practice. It is surprising that so much has been said and written on what must necessarily be a somewhat limited object. The unit of hospital construction is the bed, and the unit of hospital management is the nurse; and the problem to be solved is how best to multiply these units to meet the requirements of a given population and the funds available for the purpose, the architectural and sanitary arrangements being common to these and other large or small structures. Of existing hospitals Mr. Burdett instances the Johns Hopkins Hospital at Baltimore, in America, as the most perfect in all its arrangements, its recent construction having afforded opportunities for improvements on St. Thomas's Hospital, in London, which he holds to be the most complete structure of the kind in England. This latter hospital, which is built on the multiple pavilion plan, was the model for the former, as, indeed, it has been for nearly all our large military and civil hospitals constructed of recent years.

There is much matter for serious thought in Mr. Burdett's work, for both the medical man and the philanthropist, which we have not space to refer to. The table showing the expense per bed in different London hospitals points to faults in management which call for explanation, and the high average rate of 70*l.* or 80*l.* per bed suggests a state of luxury which poor people can know little of in their own state of life, or in the Poor-law infirmaries and asylums. The question of the pauperizing effect of the out-patient system of English hospitals is referred to with considerable warmth by our author, who goes to the extent of proposing that the out-patient departments should be entirely closed for a while. Although we fully agree with him as to the necessity for a radical reform in this direction, we cannot accept his statistics as a proof of it. He gives a table showing the number of out-patients per thousand of the population of our large towns, and concludes from it that about one person in every three applies for outdoor hospital relief. The number of out-patients in Dublin hospitals is 459 per thousand, and of London 274 per thousand of the population; but these figures do not represent separate individuals, but very often the same person counted ten or a dozen times over. There is a large class of hospital tramps who spend most of their lives in going from hospital to hospital, and even honest patients' names are re-entered in the books every three weeks or a month, as that is the recognized period of attendance for out-patients at our London hospitals. In this way a comparatively small number of persons may be made to appear as a large number when the total entries alone are counted. The evil is, however, a very large and growing one, and it is largely due to a class of persons who can well afford to pay for private medical advice, under the impression—a very mistaken one by the way—that better advice can be obtained in the out-patient

department of a hospital than from private medical practitioners. This subject and many others referring to the abuses of the London hospitals are dealt with in all their bearings in the *Report of the Lords' Committee on the Metropolitan Hospitals and Dispensaries*, and an examination of Mr. Burdett's volumes is not complete without a study of the other side of the questions he discusses, as given in this Report; hence we have coupled it with his work in our present notice as a supplement to it.

THE FIRST DUKE OF CHANDOS.*

CARLYLE once asked, in manifest doubt, "Alas! will any human soul ever again love poor Warriston, and take pious pains with him in this world?" The Duke of Chandos was a more amiable character than the Laird of Warriston, and yet it might have appeared highly improbable that any one would be found sufficiently in love with so vague a figure as to take the not inconsiderable amount of pious pains shown by Mr. Robinson in compiling this book for the purpose of putting him in his true light before the world. The Duke of Chandos was a conspicuous person in his day, but we do not know that he ever passed for an interesting one. What reputation he has he owes mainly to the fact that Mr. Pope first satirized him and then grovelled to him with a truly Popean profusion of lies.

Nevertheless, he has inspired Mr. Robinson with the necessary affection, and the result is a book which has a certain interest. It cannot be said that any part of this interest is due to the personal qualities of the Duke himself. As far as manifestations of it are to be seen in these pages, he would appear to have had no character at all, and remains, in spite of Mr. Robinson's industry, a very dim figure in a portentous wig. That there was a James Brydges who became Duke of Chandos, that he licked his fingers in the office of Paymaster of the Forces Abroad, that he spent his money freely, and also muddled not a little of it away, that he had a passion for bricks and mortar, and that his taste was probably far from equal to his passion for splendour—all this is easy to see. But when it is all said we do not know what kind of man he was in himself, if, indeed, he was anything more than "a good sort of gentleman" without much scruple as to the perquisites of office. Still, though he remains very much a shadow of a name and a wig, Mr. Robinson has made him a sufficient excuse for a readable book. The Duke's career remains as a very typical example of what the life of a very lucky official man might be in the days of Queen Anne. Mr. James Brydges went into the office of Paymaster of the Forces Abroad a man of undoubtedly very limited means. When he inherited the family barony of Chandos of Sudeley he certainly received very little with it. Yet when he left office he possessed a fortune of not less than six or seven hundred thousand pounds. He was in office for five years only, so that his gains must have averaged at least one hundred and twenty thousand a year. His biographer is compelled to acknowledge that all this money cannot have been honestly made. The percentages and other legitimate perquisites of the Paymaster's office were handsome. He had the handling of great sums of money, which he was allowed to use for his own purposes—which means that he might speculate with the public funds, provided they were ready when called for. As the Duke had a mania for speculation, and some luck in it in early years, he probably made good use of this privilege. Still, when this is allowed for, it appears undeniable that the greater part of the Duke's yearly gains must have been the result of "fraud," as Swift put it, when he quarrelled with the "beduked" James Brydges. This, too, was the general belief of the time, and a Parliamentary Committee was appointed on the fall of Marlborough to inquire into the doings of the Paymaster's department during the war. It found that no less respectable a sum than three millions had been spent and could not be accounted for. It is true that no steps were taken against the retiring Paymaster. Perhaps he had been too clever; perhaps, as the Committee's friends were now in power, a fellow-feeling made them wondrous kind. The Duke was never called upon to disgorge, though some of his accounts were not passed for years.

The making of the fortune fills the first and shorter division of Mr. Robinson's book; the second, and longer, is occupied with the spending of it. How the Duke contrived to get rid of his money is not quite so clear as how he contrived to accumulate it. He had, indeed, a mania for bricks and mortar, for collecting and gardening—all in their degrees costly hobbies. He not only built Canons, which, from the account Mr. Robinson's re-

* *The Princely Chandos: a Memoir of James Brydges, Paymaster-General to the Forces Abroad during the most brilliant part of the Duke of Marlborough's Military Career, 1705-1711; afterwards the First Duke of Chandos.* By John Robert Robinson. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1893.

searches have enabled him to give, seems to have been much the monument of bad taste Pope describes it to be, but various other houses in London and Bath. He built houses as presents for friends. He built a yacht, and he had, in the matter of houses, all a yachting man's mania for getting something better. Yet many of his purchases of land for building purposes were good investments. He speculated unluckily in the South Sea Bubble, in the York Building Company, in the African Company; but he made a great deal of money out of Law's Mississippi scheme. One gathers that muddle is the real explanation of the very undoubted pecuniary embarrassments of his later years. A man who has his fingers in many pies always seems to drop a great deal of money, not so much in them as between them. Moreover, he kept a great household, which, with the best management, must have been very costly. He would not diminish his scale of living, and was driven to seek accommodation for which he must have paid smartly. To the last he seems to have been successful in getting places of emolument, and he kept in favour with all the powers that were. Mr. Robinson gives many details of his offices and his expenditure, illustrative of the life of the time. It appears among other things that highwaymen carried on a species of small war against him. It is characteristic of the time that, as he was lavish in spending, nobody thought the worse of him for his peculations. In the list of works of art sold when his impoverished son pulled Canons down, we note two pictures "after Holbein," described as portraits of "Oliver Cromwell," which is surely a very curious slip.

BYGONE NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.*

MR. STEVENSON'S book belongs to the "Bygone Series" of Mr. William Andrews, but the "uniformity extends little beyond the title, inasmuch as it is the production of one pen alone." Each plan has its advantages and disadvantages. A volume made up of the contributions of different authors sometimes loses in uniformity of treatment that which it may gain in variety of interest. The drawback to Mr. Stevenson's book is, that it is the work of an amateur rather than of an archaeological craftsman. He styles it his "greatest literary task," and on the title-page puts forth as credentials the facts that he is the author of *The Building Materials of Nottinghamshire, The Trees of Commerce, and Wood as a Material of Construction from a Practical Standpoint*. We will not refer to the dyer's hand; but it must be acknowledged that Mr. Stevenson's book would have profited by a severe revision on the part of some friend more familiar with literary construction than with building materials. The references are not given on any uniform plan, and some of them are quite inadequate. Thus, at p. 30, there is an engraving said to be a "reproduction of an illuminated drawing in the British Museum." Mr. Stevenson ought to know that so vague a reference is useless to the reader. The two first complete paragraphs on p. 24 have been transposed. On p. 27 "Mont Ongueil" should be Mont Orgueil, the person meant being Randolph Jackson. At p. 40 is a pompous reference to the Historical MSS. Commission, which, however, is not named. The statement of Arkwright's invention (p. 45) is misleading. "Volumes might be written," says Mr. Stevenson, "on the centuries we thus pass over in search of the first historic visitors to the county" (p. 77)—a statement which is, to say the least, superfluous. Of the Danish kings and earls we are told:—"They were a fierce, savage, or untamed body of men-slayers, to whom might was right, the very antithesis of our modern kings and earls, the raw material from which they are the finished products." Although the intended compliment might have been better expressed, it is no doubt intended to gratify the Royalty and aristocracy of to-day. But enough of these infelicities.

Mr. Stevenson's method makes his book a nearer approach to a systematic county history than is the case with the other volumes of the series. There is a preliminary enumeration of the more important places in the county and of their points of interest. The origin of the county and the town are discussed, and there are interesting notes on the right of sanctuary, public executions, the visitations of plague, the fairs, the palaces, and the inns and taverns. The first historic name hypothetically associated with Nottingham is that of Hadrian, and few, if any, of the later visitors to the town are of greater interest. In telling the story of the suppression of the Knights Templars—of course, in its local connexion—Mr. Stevenson gives an account of the origin of the order in which pilgrims and crusaders are hopelessly confused. "The Reign of Terror in Notts" is the title Mr.

Stevenson has given to a chapter on the frequency of public executions between 1752 and 1834, and if the phrase is somewhat sensational it cannot be denied that the many hangings recorded, often for very trivial offences, revolt the milder sentiment of to-day. Nor will it be denied that these savage punishments failed in deterrent effect. The wife murderer who went to the gallows singing a ballad of Robin Hood will not excite great commiseration, but the fate of "a young man of respectable family" hanged two days after his marriage for stealing a portmanteau is one to arouse pity. Nor did the vengeance of the law end with death, for Nottinghamshire, like other counties, had its ghastly gibbets from which dangled in chains the decaying bodies of malefactors. These grisly objects were more provocative of unseemly mirth than of terror. In dealing with old family feuds Mr. Stevenson retells the story of the unhappy affair in which William, Lord Byron, killed Mr. Chaworth, and makes the very far-fetched suggestion that, but for this feud, the Lord Byron might never have written poetry at all, but have married Miss Chaworth and been, presumably, happy and undistinguished. Interesting details are given as to the measures by which our ancestors endeavoured to cope with the visitations of zymotic disease in their narrow streets, and often insanitary houses. The caves beneath Nottingham Castle appear to have been utilized for the isolation of the plague-stricken citizens. One of the strangest incidents recorded by Mr. Stevenson is that of which Thomas Patefield was the hero and victim. He was a surgeon who, under mental derangement, set fire to some buildings at Bingham, and nearly brought about the destruction of that ancient market town. He was tried at Nottingham, and, his madness being proved, "was confined during the remainder of his life—nearly thirty years—in a building of two rooms, constructed for him in the market place, where he was subject to the insults and irritations of those who chose to make mockery of his affliction." Madness is no longer punished as crime, and those whose reason has been shipwrecked are now, we hope, the recipients of pity, and not of scorn.

In pointing out some of the defects of Mr. Stevenson's book, it is but fair to say that they could easily have been removed by a more vigorous revision, and are not of a character to detract seriously from the interest and usefulness of *Bygone Nottinghamshire*.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

Le secret du précepteur (1) is one of the most readable of M. Cherbuliez's novels, and it is not the least apt text for a disquisition (for which we have no room here) on his comparatively limited popularity. It is not, of course, surprising that the mere vulgar should buy one copy of his strongly-knit and well-written fictions to twenty or fifty of, for instance, M. Ohnet's middle-class sentiment and slipshod style. But there is a greater crux in the fact that, of better judges, some do not like him. As we have said, however, it is not our business here to settle that problem. In some ways *Le secret du précepteur* is very like its fellows. The hero is a tutor (same he shot his first novel-public), the heroine, or the most heroic of the heroines, is of the stamp of girl that M. Cherbuliez loves to depict—bizarre, eccentric, at times not quite ladylike, sometimes unpardonable, but rarely unlovable. Her name is Monique Brogues, and her sister, Sidonie, is a new and rather clever sketch of the modern young lady of whom *fin de siècle* education has not made a monster in any way, who remains feminine after a fashion, by no means unamiable and strictly virtuous, but entirely devoid of any kind of passion. The mother, a *pécheresse-dévoté*, is less new, but falls into the plot well enough; and it is fair to say that M. Cherbuliez maintains the unforeseenness of this plot very cleverly; while the final scene with which, as persons studious of such things have noted, he usually winds up his books is distinctly fresh and effective. His hero may please different tastes differently. A young and learned but exceedingly hideous *normalien* who, having been cruelly jilted, is selected, partly for that reason and partly for the ugliness which has led to it, as the tutor of two extremely attractive and quite grown-up young ladies, is a bold enough imagination, but a difficult one to carry through the part without making a hero ridiculous on the one hand or improbable on the other. We think that M. Cherbuliez has done the trick; he has certainly used one of the minor artifices of the dramatist and novelist very skilfully by continually suggesting that the *dénouement* will be brought about by his hero's one fashionable advantage (he is a dead shot with the pistol), and—but this is "tellings."

* *Bygone Nottinghamshire*. By William Stevenson. Nottingham: Frank Murray. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. Hull: Andrews & Co.

(1) *Le secret du précepteur*. Par Victor Cherbuliez. Paris: Hachette.

We have in this place been observing for some ten years (more or less) that M. J. Ricard was going to write a book, but that he had not done so yet. He has done it in *Sœurs* (2). A slight failure in absolutely vivifying characterization excepted, this is, perhaps, the strongest book yet written by any one of the younger generation in France, except M. Guy de Maupassant. The startling nature of the opening incident may hurt it with some tastes, but is well managed. René de Montluelle—who is, in some ways, very much the old René of a century ago, adjusted to the present day—married an American girl, Edith Blackwell, of great beauty, and amiable enough in a way, but frivolous and egotistical. She has a younger sister, Meryem—as she was of English blood, we may take the liberty of calling her by what was doubtless her name, Miriam—on whom she dotes, and who lives with the Montluelles, but between whom and René there is an aversion born chiefly of mutual jealousy. After years Edith is struck by what seems to be heart disease, and the doctors declare her dead. They have left the room to the husband, when Miriam enters, and at first he behaves to her with something more than *brusquerie*. But he then relents, and, the psychological moment having arrived, their aversion changes into love. If this seems to savour too much of heroic tragedy or unheroic burlesque, let us remind the reader that we are only summarizing, and assure him that the thing is made quite probable in the book. Indeed, M. Ricard might have made it more probable still if he had cared; for are not Venus and Libitina identical in fact as well as in name? However, Edith has left directions that she shall be embalmed, and in the hands of the embalmers she “comes to.” The situation is posed; and we shall say no more about it, for the book ought to be read. It is, in our judgment, a book of very unusual merit. Miriam, Edith, and the friend of the family, one Vanzy, are all very good. René alone is a little conventional.

We can give less space to the other novels on our list. M. Maurice Drack (3) has written a book of a good old kind which may be described without offence as Achard and Féval modernized, or, to take English examples, as in the style of the great Mr. Smith of the *London Journal*, screwed up many pegs in literary merit, and greatly deconventionalized—a better sort of *Minnigrey*, in fact. Good again (for Fortune got this battle for us with a sudden gust) is *La femme de mon fils* (4), the inclusion of which in a “Bibliothèque des Mères de Famille” should not induce anybody to think it mawkish, for it is written with plenty of wit, and even malice. In *Député* (5) M. Jacques Fréhel has applied the power of writing and the intimate knowledge of the Breton and Norman coasts which he has shown in his former books to the production of a graceful and melancholy story of the solitary, or all but solitary, growth and life of a girl. The book lacks action, but possesses charm. If only M. Fréhel's imperfect knowledge of English, or the freaks of his printer, had not made him perpetually speak of “Noak's ark,” *Qui ça, le nommé Noak?* Had he any relations with Style?

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

SEVERAL writers of eminence, with Mr. John Watson as editor, contribute important chapters to *Ornithology in Relation to Agriculture and Horticulture* (Allen & Co.), the chief of which are those devoted to the great Sparrow question, and the stupid destruction of hawks and owls. A stout volume of 400 pages was required, it seems, to tell the story of the enormities of the English sparrow in the United States. In many of the States there is drastic legislation concerning the sparrow; but in England no one seems inclined to proceed to extreme measures. The writers in Mr. Watson's volume, whether for the prosecution or the defence, suggest one conclusion collectively. The truth about the sparrow is that there are too many sparrows. They have multiplied inordinately, and should be kept within reasonable limits. Mr. Charles Whitehead has drawn up a most formidable indictment, not one count of which, we think, is not fully established. Miss Ormerod follows on the same side, but Miss Ormerod does not advocate the extermination of the bird. Probably no one is for extermination, except the kind of farmer who sympathizes with the ignorant gamekeeper's fanatical and senseless destruction of owls and kestrels. Mr. Harrison Weir, who once was the sparrow's friend, is now among the strongest denouncers of this “pest of a bird”—simply because where he thronged in his hundreds he now swarms in thousands, to the detriment of insectivorous birds. For the defence there are papers

by the late Rev. F. O. Morris and the Rev. Theodore Wood, from which it seems that the garden at Nunburnholm was remarkably favoured, for Mr. Morris never caught the sparrows destroying his crocuses, or almond-blossom, or green-peas, or scattering his opening pear-bloom about the ground. Mr. T. H. Nelson's paper on the Wood Pigeon is excellent. Thirty years ago the late Thomas Edward attributed the extraordinary increase of this bird to the almost total destruction of the hawk tribe. What would he say of its numbers now, and of the ravages among the farmers' crops? Mr. C. Parkinson and Mr. John Watson treat of the Hawks and the Owls, and of the abundant “unnatural history” that is written about these maligned birds. Altogether, this many-authored book is full of interesting and instructive matter.

There is much unnatural history noted in Mr. Phil Robinson's new volume *The Poets in Nature* (Chatto & Windus), which treats of the reptiles, fishes, and insects of the English poets, though much of it has the warrant of old romance and older legend, and ought not to be charged invariably against the poet as ignorance. Mr. Robinson, who is as profuse in quotation as in his previous volumes of the Birds and the Beasts, is inclined to take the matter like a scientist. There are his comments on “the ant-and-mole-hill idea,” for instance, and his grave suggestion that poets thought the ants made the mole-hills. It may be, as he thinks, that Wordsworth—“one of the most inaccurate and unsympathetic of observers”—might have believed it; but what if he did? Does Mr. Robinson think that Wordsworth was an inaccurate observer of Nature, or that when he wrote “Nature never does betray the heart that loves her” he was thinking of natural history? We confess to an imperfect sympathy with Mr. Robinson's study of English poetry. It is too suggestive of the little boy who corrected the late Poet-Laureate's pre-Elmsmerian belief as to the origin of fairy-rings in the turf.

Mr. C. M. Biddulph's *Four Months in Persia* (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.) comprises an account of a journey to Teheran and Ispahan from Batoum, and of a visit to Bokhara and Samarcand, in the course of which he misses no occasion for blessing the works of the Russians, engineering and administrative. He was greatly impressed by the absence of police and soldiers in Samarcand—“so different from what is the case in a town in India”—and by the small guard of twenty Cossacks only attached to the Political Resident at Bokhara. But, as Mr. Biddulph says, there must be a considerable amount of troops somewhere handy. As to the affair of Geok Tepe, he makes light of it, and thinks it doubtful if any real cruelty was perpetrated by the Russians.

In *The New Exodus* (Heinemann) Mr. Harold Frederic tells the story of Jewish persecution in Russia—not the whole story, for that would require a work of encyclopædic proportions, but a general summary, which is quite as effective and far more readable. Mr. Frederic does not share Mr. Biddulph's faith in Russian civilization, the fruits of which in the Merv oasis so impressed the latter traveller. Somewhere in the course of his history of tyrannical enactments and barbarous executions against the Jews of Russia Mr. Frederic asks if Russia can be regarded as a civilized country. Certainly it is strange to think of the Jew-baiter in Russia being the civilizer of the Turcoman.

Mr. Augustine Birrell, who announces his dislike to *Paul and Virginia*, contributes a characteristic preface to the English translation, by J. E. Gordon, of M. Barine's *Bernardin de Saint-Pierre* (Fisher Unwin), a volume of the “Grands Ecrivains” series. “St. Pierre,” as Mr. Birrell writes it, just as he writes “St. Beuve,” was decidedly “no ordinary person,” and M. Barine's book is, on the whole, a good little book, both as memoir and criticism. Every Englishman has read—at least once, in infancy probably—the charming romance which Carlyle considered the last utterance and “swan-song” of the Ancien Régime, and the English reader could not but find interesting M. Barine's excellent memoir.

In the series of “University Extension” manuals, edited by Professor Knight, we have *The Earth's History*, by R. D. Roberts, M.A. (John Murray), an Introduction to Modern Geology, and yet another addition to the numerous books on another subject—*The French Revolution*—by Charles Edward Mallet (John Murray), which, of all subjects, is the least susceptible to the treatment of University Extensionists. Mr. Roberts has compiled a sketch of modern geology which might be serviceable to the young person. Mr. Mallet's book assumes too much if addressed to helpless yearning youth, and if not so addressed is of no conceivable advantage to advanced students of history.

Low, by Baron von Roberts (Heinemann), is a picturesque and pathetic story by a writer who is, we believe, almost unknown to English readers. *Low* is his first story, as we learn from Mr

(2) *Sœurs*. Par J. Ricard. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(3) *L'amour dans la mort*. Par Maurice Drack. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(4) *La femme de mon fils*. Par Danielle d'Arthez. Paris: Firmin Didot.

(5) *Député*. Par Jacques Fréhel. Paris: Plon.

Gosse's introduction to this translation, and one so fresh in interest, and so vividly told, must needs excite curiosity as to its successors. The scenes of menagerie life in *Lou*, and the sketches of the showman, the comic orator, the *doyenne*, and the rest, are admirably drawn.

More translated fiction we have in the two volumes of *The Private Life of an Eminent Politician* (Allen & Co.), which have all the appearance to the casual eye of an English novel for library circulation, but are merely M. Edouard Rod's clever story *La Vie Privée de Michel Teissier* done into English.

We have also received *Thé Antiquary*, Vol. XXVI. (Elliot Stock); *Biographies of Eminent Persons*, reprinted from the *Times*, Vol. III. (Macmillan & Co.); *Work*, an illustrated magazine (Cassell & Co.), March 1892-January 1893; *English and Foreign Banks*, by J. B. Attfield (Effingham Wilson); *Commercial Arithmetic*, by S. Jackson, M.A. (Macmillan & Co.); *Logarithmic Tables*, by Professor G. W. Jones, of Cornell University, fourth edition (Macmillan & Co.); *Differential Calculus for Beginners*, by Joseph Edwards, M.A. (Macmillan & Co.); *Home Rule*: a tale for these Times, by W. A. Gibbs, popular edition (Sampson Low & Co.); *Rambles in the Lake Country &c.*, by Edwin Waugh, edited by George Milner (Heywood); *That Stick*, by Charlotte M. Yonge, new edition (Macmillan & Co.); *City Festivals*, by Will Carleton, illustrated (Sampson Low & Co.); *Poems of True Incidents*, by Maria Cliff (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.); *Bric-à-Brac Ballads* (Leadenhall Press); *The Geography of the British Colonies and Dependencies*, by W. Hughes, F.R.G.S., and J. F. Williams, F.R.G.S. (Philip & Son); *Western Australia and its Gold Fields*, by Albert F. Calvert, M.E., an excellent descriptive manual, with map (Philip & Son); *A Treatise on Public Health and its Applications in Different European Countries*, by Albert Palmberg, translated from the French edition by Arthur Newsholme, M.D. (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.), with many illustrations; *The Germ-Plasm Theory of Heredity*, by August Weissmann, translated by W. Newton Parke and Harriet Rönfeldt (Scott); *Man and the Glacial Age*, by G. Frederick Wright, D.D. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.), with maps and illustrations; *Studies in Life and Literature*, by Charles T. Lusted (Digby, Long, & Co.); Schiller's *Maria Stuart*, edited, with notes &c., by Karl Breul, M.A. (Cambridge: University Press); *The Better Way of Assisting School Children* (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.); *Army, Woolwich, and Civil Service Riders*, a selection of Geometrical Problems from examination papers of the last twenty years, by the Rev. A. Dawson Clarke, M.A. (Longmans & Co.); *German Commercial Reader*, by H. Preisinger (Percival & Co.); *The Cattle Trade and Farmers' Accounts*, by Westley Richards, second edition (Stanford); and *The Advertiser's A B C* for 1893, an Advertisement Press Directory (T. B. Browne).

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